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ABSTRACT

Designed to challenge students to think critically and to motivate them to relate their own personal experiences to a broader panorama of society, this curriculum guide presents a seventh-grade unit on "The Struggle for Equality" and an eighth-grade unit on "The Movements of People." The three related goals of the curriculum guide are: (1) to introduce students to a cross-section of literature representing a diversity of literary genres and cultural perspectives; (2) to develop in students an understanding of the ways in which literature reflects the customs, beliefs, and traditions of the many ethnic, cultural, and linguistic groups that make up our society; and (3) to correlate thematically learnings from communication arts with those of the multicultural social studies curriculum. The 19 activities for grade 7 and the 20 activities for grade 8 presented in the guide are each based on a reading, and support cooperative learning and small-group work in order to promote intellectual accomplishments along with the practice of social skills, interpersonal understanding, and a sense of individual responsibility to the group and the class. The curriculum guide includes the student readings for most of the activities. (RS)

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GRADES 7 & 8

Multicultural Communication Arts

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Foreword

Providing students with literature from a variety of countries and cultures is a meaningful way of developing the knowledge and understanding necessary for life in our pluralistic society. Multicultural literature helps promote deeper understanding of the many ethnic, racial, cultural, and linguistic groups that compose our school population.

This curriculum guide for grades seven and eight represents one model for infusing multicultural literature into thematic units. It is designed to achieve the seventh and eighth grade learning outcomes in communication arts, and is thematically connected to the particular grades of the social studies curriculum. In addition, it will serve as a means of helping students to develop the skills needed in interpersonal and intergroup relations as well as in conflict resolution, particularly in conflicts arising from bias and discrimination based on race, color, religion, national origin, gender, age, sexual orientation, and/or handicapping condition.

The literature in this guide was selected for its intrinsic quality as well as for its reflection of the ethnic backgrounds of New York City's students. Teachers are encouraged to create other thematic units that will expand and enrich the themes with selections that suit the needs of their own classes.

Nilda Soto Ruiz
Chief Executive for Instruction

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How To Use This Book

The seventh and eighth grade multicultural units in communication arts may be used in several ways:

- They may be implemented, as written, along with appropriate staff development workshops for teachers and supervisors. Schools will need to ensure that students receive copies of the literature used in the units.
- New titles and concomitant activities may be added to and/or substituted for the existing activities.
- New themes may be developed using a different organizational pattern.

Regardless of the approach chosen, teachers and supervisors need to become familiar with a wide variety of literature (fiction or nonfiction) which reflects the cultural diversity of New York City. Decisions as to the specific literature selected and the activities written should be made by a committee of the faculty (including, where appropriate, outside resources) which reflects the groups whose literature is being considered for inclusion.

The activities are structured on the recommendations of the Middle School Task Force Report. They are designed to challenge students to think critically and to motivate them to relate their own personal experiences to a broader panorama of society. Teachers are encouraged to elicit student participation in planning activities that further explore the concepts and content suggested by the literature. In so doing, they should incorporate as many learning modes as possible to suit the individual needs of the students, according to their multiple intelligences, linguistic background, and learning styles.

Each unit is based on a broad, interdisciplinary theme: The Struggle for Equality (grade 7) and Movements of People (grade 8). The curriculum as a whole has three related goals: (1) to introduce students to a cross-section of literature representing a diversity of literary genres and cultural perspectives; (2) to develop in students an understanding of the ways in which literature reflects the customs, beliefs, and traditions of the many ethnic, cultural, and linguistic groups that make up our society; and (3) to correlate learnings from communication arts with those of the multicultural social studies curriculum. Companion works in a variety of genres or media may be chosen by students and teachers as enrichment activities. These themes should aid adolescents in self-discovery and pride in their own cultural heritage as well as broadening their knowledge of and respect for the heritage of other students in our city.

Adolescents begin to develop new and more abstract levels of intellectual functioning, but they prefer the social aspects of schooling. Affiliation and identity, a sense of belonging and peer acceptance, characterize this stage of development. Therefore, the activities in these units strongly support cooperative learning and small-group work in order to promote intellectual accomplishment along with the practice of social skills, interpersonal understanding, and a sense of individual responsibility to the group and the class.

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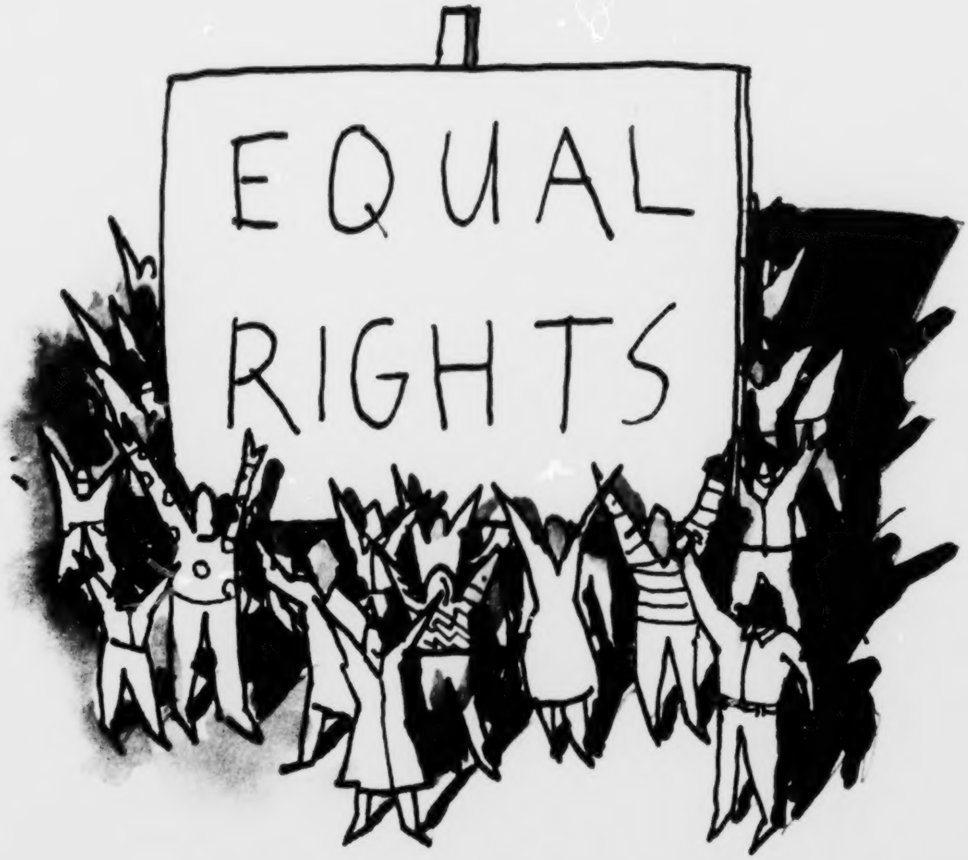
GRADE LEVEL 7

The Struggle for Equality


EQUAL
RIGHTS

Activities

Activity 1

Listening to a Speech —The Gettysburg Address

MATERIALS

- copies of the Gettysburg Address, by Abraham Lincoln, 1863.

PERFORMANCE OBJECTIVES

Students will be able to:

- understand the meaning of the Gettysburg Address.
- recognize the qualities of a good speech.
- recognize the theme, "The Struggle for Equality."

MAJOR IDEAS

- Listening to speeches provides insights into human beliefs and values.
- Listening to a speech leads to an appreciation of the speaker's use of language to inspire an audience.
- Exploring themes through various modes of discourse leads to greater understanding.

MOTIVATION

- Relate to students' knowledge.
  - — Why is Abraham Lincoln remembered?
  - — During what period of time was he president?
- Inform students that the Civil War, or War Between the States, took place over 125 years ago.
- Introduce the activity.
  - — Today, we will listen to a speech, or address, by Abraham Lincoln which he gave while dedicating a cemetery at the site of a major battlefield at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, in 1863.

DEVELOPMENT

- Introduce new vocabulary/concepts in context. Possibilities include: score, endure, hallow, consecrate.
- Distribute copies of the speech, the Gettysburg Address.
- Read the Gettysburg Address aloud. Set purpose for listening by asking the following:
  - — What was Abraham Lincoln's wish?

- Provide an opportunity for students to answer the purpose-setting question. Develop comprehension through further questioning. Some suggestions are:
  - What is meant by "all men are created equal"? To whom did this apply in 1863? How would it be interpreted now?
  - What did Abraham Lincoln mean by "the world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here"?
  - How do you think the speech was received?
  - What must the living do to honor the memory of the dead?
  - What does the phrase "government of the people, by the people, for the people" mean?
- Direct students to analyze the qualities of a successful speech.
  - How does Lincoln's choice of words enhance the solemn effect of the speech? (Elicit: the effect of certain phrases used, such as "four score and seven years ago," ". . . any nation so conceived and dedicated.")
  - Why do you think Lincoln rephrases thoughts for emphasis throughout the speech? What are some examples of this quality? (Elicit: "fitting and proper," ". . . we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow," ". . . will little note, nor long remember," ". . . of the people, by the people, for the people.")
  - What theme does Lincoln develop throughout the speech? (Elicit: birth)
  - What is ironic about Lincoln's use of the theme of birth in this speech?
- Introduce the theme, "The Search for Equality."
  - We will be studying various literary works which depict the search for equality in America.

SUMMARY

- Direct students to work in groups to discuss the following:
  - Why was Lincoln motivated to give this speech?
  - Has Lincoln's wish been realized? Explain.
  - Why is this considered one of America's greatest speeches?
  - What are the qualities of a successful speech?
- Call the groups together to analyze findings.

ASSIGNMENT

- Direct students to select a phrase or sentence from the speech and write a reaction to it.

FOLLOW-UP

- Provide an opportunity to hear a professional recording of the speech.
- Direct students to research newspaper accounts of the Gettysburg Address.
- Provide opportunities for students to read and hear other noteworthy speeches.

Activity 2

Reading a Biographical Excerpt—"The Wonderful Wooden Clock"

MATERIALS

- copies of "The Wonderful Wooden Clock," excerpt from *Benjamin Banneker, The Man Who Saved Washington,* by Claude Lewis (New York: McGraw-Hill Company, 1970).

PERFORMANCE OBJECTIVES

Students will be able to:

- appreciate the respect held by others toward Benjamin Banneker.
- infer the different aspects of Benjamin Banneker's personality.

MAJOR IDEAS

- Reading a biography leads to a greater appreciation of the accomplishments of others.
- Making inferences leads to a greater understanding of written material.

MOTIVATION

- Relate to students' prior knowledge.
  - — Why would you go to someone for advice?
  - — What would be important in considering that person?
- Introduce the activity.
  - — Today, we will read about Benjamin Banneker, born a freeman, to whom many people came for advice.

DEVELOPMENT

- Introduce new vocabulary/concepts in context. Possibilities include: quill pen, correspondence, surveyor, almanac.
- Distribute copies of the excerpt "The Wonderful Wooden Clock."
- Set purpose for silent reading by directing students to answer the following question:
  - — How did Benjamin Banneker help the visitor?
- Provide an opportunity for students to answer the purpose-setting question. Develop comprehension through further questioning. Suggestions include:

- Why wasn't Benjamin Banneker surprised at receiving a visitor?
- Why was it unusual for people to acknowledge the intellect of person such as Benjamin Banneker at that time?
- How did Benjamin Banneker make the visitor feel?
- Why was the wooden clock an important object for the visitor to see?
- What were some of the other accomplishments of Benjamin Banneker?

- Direct students to an understanding of how *inferring* helps us better appreciate the personality of Benjamin Banneker.
  - What is Benjamin Banneker's first reaction to the surveyor's request?
  - What is Benjamin Banneker's first reaction to the visitor?
  - How does this make the visitor feel?
  - How do you think the surveyor felt after meeting with Benjamin Banneker?
  - How does knowledge of that era make the respectful treatment of Benjamin Banneker seem unusual?
  - What do we know about the author's feelings toward Benjamin Banneker from his descriptions and dialogue?
- Introduce the term *inference.*
  - An *inference* is a reasonable and intelligent conclusion based on evidence. We can *infer* aspects of Banneker's personality from hints provided by the author.

SUMMARY

- Direct students to work in groups to discuss the following:
  - Why would Benjamin Banneker be considered an outstanding African-American figure of his era?
  - Why should Benjamin Banneker be remembered by all people?
  - How does making inferences help us to better understand a selection?

ASSIGNMENT

- Describe in writing the qualities of someone to whom you would go for advice.

FOLLOW-UP

- Read the biography *Benjamin Banneker: The Man Who Saved Washington,* by Claude Lewis.

Activity 3

Introducing the Novel *Anthony Burns*

MATERIALS

- copies of *Anthony Burns: The Defeat and Triumph of a Fugitive Slave*, by Virginia Hamilton (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1988. Paperbound edition published by Scholastic, 1989).

PERFORMANCE OBJECTIVES

Students will be able to:

- understand the intent of the Fugitive Slave Act of 1850.
- learn how to preview a book.

MAJOR IDEAS

- Reading historical fiction leads to a greater appreciation of our nation's history.
- Previewing leads to a clearer understanding of a literary work.

MOTIVATION

- Relate to students' prior knowledge.
  - — What was the purpose of the abolitionist movement?
  - — When did the abolitionist movement occur?
- Introduce the activity.
  - — Today, we are going to preview a historical novel about Anthony Burns, a man who lived during this period.

DEVELOPMENT

- Present new vocabulary/concepts in context. Possibilities include: fugitive.
- Distribute copies of *Anthony Burns*, by Virginia Hamilton.
- Direct students to begin analyzing the book.
  - — What does the title tell us about Anthony Burns?
  - — How can we get information about Anthony Burns from the book prior to reading? Elicit: Look at the cover, read the inside jacket covers, read the dedication page.
  - — What do we know about the author, Virginia Hamilton?

  - What kind of book is this? (Elicit: a historical reconstruction or a historical novel.)
  - What do we know about Anthony Burns?
  - What is the main setting of the novel?
- Lead students to an understanding that more information can be gained by leafing through the book. Direct students to "The Abolitionist Hymn" on the dedication page. Read poem aloud twice.
  - How does the poem, "The Abolitionist Hymn," prepare the reader for the theme of the novel?
- Direct students to the "List of Characters."
  - Why would the author identify the characters of the novel this way? (Elicit: It helps the reader identify and remember the characters.)
- Direct students to the Fugitive Slave Act of 1850 at the end of the book. Read aloud Section 6, lines 1-5.
  - What is the intent of this law?
  - How do you think it affected the life of Anthony Burns?

SUMMARY

- Direct students to work in groups to discuss the following:
  - Why was the Fugitive Slave Act important?
  - What kinds of information can be gained by previewing a book?
  - Why was Anthony Burns an important person in the abolitionist movement?
- Reconvene groups to discuss findings.

ASSIGNMENT

- Present vocabulary/concepts in context prior to assignment. Possibilities include: inherited, dwell, sputtered.
- Direct students to read chapters 1-3 and answer the following:
  - How is Anthony Burns captured and what is his reaction?

Activity 4

Reading the Novel *Anthony Burns* (Chapters 1-3)

MATERIALS

- copies of *Anthony Burns: The Defeat and Triumph of a Fugitive Slave*, by Virginia Hamilton (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1988. Paperbound edition published by Scholastic, 1989).

PERFORMANCE OBJECTIVES

Students will be able to:

- learn how the Fugitive Slave Act affected Anthony Burns.
- understand how laws were used to create inequality.
- recognize the use of flashback.
- learn to use a time line to record information.

MAJOR IDEAS

- Reading historical fiction leads to an understanding of how laws affect people.
- Recognizing flashback leads to a greater understanding of a literary work.
- Using graphic organizers provides for a clearer understanding of information.

MOTIVATION

- Relate to students' experiences.
  - — How do laws affect people's lives?
  - — How do we determine if a law has been broken?
  - — What protection do we have when accused?
  - — Do all laws lead to equality? Why? Why not?
- Introduce the activity.
  - — Today, we will discuss how the Fugitive Slave Act affected Anthony Burns.

DEVELOPMENT

- Discuss the answers to the purpose-setting question for chapters 1-3 from previous homework. Inform students that they should refer to the text to confirm their answers.

- Lead students to an understanding of the effects of the Fugitive Slave Act on Anthony Burns.
  - — What is the charge against Anthony Burns?
  - — Why was Anthony confused at being arrested?
  - — What effect does seeing Charles Suttle have on Anthony Burns?
  - — How does Anthony Burns feel about his situation?
  - — How does Anthony Burns deal with his situation?
- Lead students to an understanding of the use of *flashback*.
  - — How is the setting in chapter 2 different from that in chapter 1?
  - — How does the information in chapter 2 differ from that in chapters 1 and 3?
  - — Why would an author change the setting in such a way?
- Discuss the definition of *flashback* with students.
  - — When an author interrupts the action of a story to show what happened at an earlier time, it is called *flashback*.
- Lead students to an understanding of how to use *timelines* to record information.
  - — How is this table of contents different from those in other books?
  - — Why do you think the dates are not in chronological order? (Elicit: The author uses flashback.)
- Direct students to develop an ongoing time line with respect to the events of Anthony Burns's life. For each date recorded, students should list significant events, note their setting, and, if appropriate, justify their importance.

Spring 1834
Born into slavery on
a Virginia plantation

July 1862
Death in Canada

SUMMARY

- Direct students to work in groups to discuss the following:
  - — What do you think Anthony Burns should do to help solve his problem?
  - — How did the use of flashback add to our understanding of the story?
  - — How does the use of a time line help to clarify information?
- Call groups back for discussion.

ASSIGNMENT

- Review vocabulary/concepts in context prior to assignment. Possibilities include: pranced, pungent, quarry.
- Direct students to read chapter 4 and answer the following:
  - — How does Big Walker treat Anthony? Why?

Activity 5

Reading the Novel *Anthony Burns* (Chapter 4)

MATERIALS

- copies of *Anthony Burns: The Defeat and Triumph of a Fugitive Slave*, by Virginia Hamilton (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1988. Paperbound edition published by Scholastic, 1989).

PERFORMANCE OBJECTIVES

Students will be able to:

- recognize the importance of Anthony Burns's childhood experiences.
- appreciate the author's use of different language patterns.

MAJOR IDEAS

- Reading about the experiences of others leads to an appreciation of their accomplishments.
- Reading leads to an understanding of dialect as a literary technique.

MOTIVATION

- Relate to students' experiences.
- Write on the chalkboard the following:

  > "The child is father of the man."
  >
  > — William Wordsworth

  - — What does this quotation mean?
  - — Do you agree/disagree with this quotation? Explain.
- Introduce the activity.
  - — Today, we are going to discuss how several experiences that Anthony Burns had as a child affected his life.

DEVELOPMENT

- Discuss the purpose-setting question for chapter 4 from previous homework. Inform students that they should refer to the text to confirm their answers.
- Lead students to an understanding of the effect of Anthony Burns's childhood experiences.
  - — Describe Anthony Burns's relationship with the Suttle family.

- What effect did Mamaw and Big Walker have on Anthony Burns?
- What experiences in Anthony Burns's childhood prepared him to meet challenges in later life?
- How were his experiences different from those of other slaves? (Elicit: He learned to read; he preached.)
- How did his experiences motivate him to escape?

- Lead students to an understanding of the author's use of the language of the slaves.
  - What is the difference in the writing when the setting changes to Anthony Burns's earlier life? (Elicit: The language is plainer; there is inverted sentence order and phonetic spelling, etc.)
  - Why would an author use this type of language structure?
- Introduce the term *dialect* and the concept of *variations* in language pattern.
  - A *regional variant*, or *dialect*, of a language is characterized by distinctive pronunciation, grammar, or vocabulary.

SUMMARY

- Direct students to work in groups to discuss the following:
  - What contributed to Anthony Burns's strength of character?
  - How do childhood experiences affect our lives?
  - How does recognizing the use of dialect add to our understanding of a literary piece?
- Recall groups to analyze findings.

ASSIGNMENT

- Review vocabulary/concepts in context prior to assignment. Possibilities include: inkling, warrant, hostile, apprehend.
- Direct students to read chapters 5 and 6 and answer the following:
  - What were Benjamin Hallett's feelings about Asa Butman? Explain.
  - Describe in writing one of your significant childhood experiences.

Activity 6

Reading the Novel *Anthony Burns* (Chapters 5-6)

MATERIALS

- copies of *Anthony Burns: The Defeat and Triumph of a Fugitive Slave,* by Virginia Hamilton (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1988. Paperbound edition published by Scholastic, 1989).
- reprint of public notice, Boston, Massachusetts, April 24, 1851.

PERFORMANCE OBJECTIVES

Students will be able to:

- comprehend the role of the abolitionists.
- understand the value of making predictions.

MAJOR IDEAS

- Reading leads to an appreciation of the contributions of others.
- Predicting outcomes contributes to the enjoyment of reading.

MOTIVATION

- Relate to students' prior knowledge.
  - — What is the work of organizations like the American Civil Liberties Union, the NAACP, and the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith?
  - — How do these civil rights organizations affect the lives of the general population?
- Introduce the activity.
  - — Today, we will discuss the role of the abolitionists during the time Anthony Burns was held captive.

DEVELOPMENT

- Discuss the purpose-setting questions for chapters 5 and 6 from previous homework. Inform students that they should refer to the text to confirm their answers.
- Lead students to an understanding of the role of the abolitionists. Suggested questions are:
  - — How did Anthony Burns feel about his situation?

- How did his situation become known to the public?
  - How would you describe the Reverend Theodore Parker and Charles Mayo Ellis?
  - What label did these men have?
  - What role will the abolitionists have in Anthony Burns's future?
- Provide an opportunity for students to make predictions about Anthony Burns's future. Direct students to work in groups. Timelines should be used during this activity to support students' predictions.
  - What has happened so far?
  - Which characters have had an impact on the story?
  - How will Anthony Burns withstand the tension of the trial?
  - What kind of support will the abolitionists provide?
  - What role will Richard Dana have in the future of Anthony Burns?
  - What will be the outcome of the hearing?
- Students should record their predictions and refer to them at a later time to confirm, refine, or reformulate them.

SUMMARY

- Direct students to work in groups to discuss the following:
  - Why would people be motivated to join the abolitionist movement?
  - What motivated the abolitionists we have encountered?
  - Why is it important for people to become involved in political issues that do not directly affect their lives?
  - What value is there to making predictions when reading a novel?
- Recall groups to discuss findings.

ASSIGNMENT

- Review vocabulary/concepts in context prior to assignment. Possibilities include: gourd, vigilance, constitutionality, suffragettes, philanthropist, sardonically.
- Direct students to read chapters 7-9 and answer the following question:
  - What is the importance to Anthony Burns of getting the letter back?

FOLLOW-UP

- Distribute copies of the notice on page 49.
- Provide time for students to read and discuss the announcement from Boston, April 24, 1851.
  - How is this warning related to the Fugitive Slave Act?

Activity 7

Reading the Novel *Anthony Burns* (Chapters 7-9)

MATERIALS

- copies of *Anthony Burns: The Defeat and Triumph of a Fugitive Slave,* by Virginia Hamilton (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1988. Paperbound edition published by Scholastic, 1989).

PERFORMANCE OBJECTIVES

Students will be able to:

- describe the plans for helping Anthony Burns.
- recognize how a lesson from a folktale helped Anthony Burns.

MAJOR IDEAS

- Reading leads to an understanding of the motivations of others.
- Reading folktales provides us with lessons that demonstrate values.

MOTIVATION

- Write on the chalkboard the following excerpt from "The Slave-Hunters are in Boston," by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow:

  May 27, 1854: Last night there was a meeting in Faneuil Hall, and afterward an attempt at rescue, which, I am sorry to say, failed. I am sick and sorrowful with this infamous business. Ah, Webster, Webster, you have much to answer for!

  — To what event does Longfellow refer?

  — What are his feelings?

- Introduce the activity.

  — Today, we are going to discuss the plans to rescue Anthony Burns.

DEVELOPMENT

- Discuss the answers to the purpose-setting question for chapters 7-9 from previous homework. Inform students that they should refer to the text to confirm their answers.
- Lead students to an understanding of the abolitionists' plans.

  — How did the publication of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* affect the mood of people in the North?

- — What was the effect of the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska Act in 1854?
- — What plan was decided on by the Vigilance Committee?
- — How did the Reverend Higginson and Martin Stowell's plan differ from that of the Vigilance Committee?
- — How did the relationship between the Reverend Grimes and Anthony differ from Anthony's relationships with the other people surrounding him?
- — Why was Reverend Grimes's role important to the anti-slavery movement?
- — What effect will the results of the meeting have on Anthony Burns?

- Lead students to an understanding of the folktale.
  - — What is the plot of the folktale?
  - — What is the message of the folktale?
  - — How did it relate to Anthony Burns as a child?
  - — How does recalling the folktale help Anthony Burns?
  - — Why do you think the author chose to include this folktale?
  - — What functions did folktales serve in the lives of the slaves?
  - — How did the slaves support one another?

SUMMARY

- Direct students to work in groups to discuss the following:
  - — How do historical events affect our lives?
  - — Why is it important to consider all of the consequences before deciding on a plan of action?
  - — Is violent action ever justified? If so, under what circumstances? Explain.
  - — Why have folktales been passed on from generation to generation?
- Call groups together to discuss findings.

ASSIGNMENT

- Direct students to read chapters 10-13 and answer the following:
  - — Why were so many people interested in Anthony Burns's case?
- Present vocabulary/concepts in context prior to assignment. Possibilities include: humiliation, hollowly, adjoining, dragoons, tribunal, postmortem, repugnance, inalienable, foreboding.

FOLLOW-UP

- Direct students to write an explanation of the saying "The pot called the kettle black" as it relates to the folktale.

Activity 8

Reading the Novel *Anthony Burns* (Chapters 10-13)

MATERIALS

- copies of *Anthony Burns: The Defeat and Triumph of a Fugitive Slave,* by Virginia Hamilton (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1988. Paperbound edition published by Scholastic, 1989).

PERFORMANCE OBJECTIVES

Students will be able to:

- understand what Anthony Burns represents to different groups.
- understand how conflict is used in the development of a plot.

MAJOR IDEAS

- Reading provides information necessary to appreciate the motives of different groups.
- Reading novels leads to an understanding of an author's use of conflict.

MOTIVATION

- Relate to students' prior reading.
    - — What were the positions of different groups on the Fugitive Slave Act?
    - — Who were some of the characters that took positions on this issue?
- Introduce the activity.
    - — Today, we will discuss what Anthony Burns represented to each of these groups.

DEVELOPMENT

- Discuss the answers to the purpose-setting question for chapters 10-13 from previous homework. Inform students that they should refer to the text to confirm their answers.
- Lead students to an understanding of what Anthony Burns represents to different groups.
    - — Why does Col. Suttle decide not to sell Anthony Burns?
    - — How did the Reverend Grimes react to Suttle's decision?
    - — What position did Benjamin Hallett take? Why?

  - How did the actions of the Reverend Higginson and Martin Stowell affect Anthony Burns's case?
  - Why would some people no longer be willing to contribute to Anthony Burns's purchase if there were a trial?
  - What does Anthony Burns represent to the pro-slavery group? To the government? To the abolitionists?
  - How do each of these groups use him?
- Lead students to an understanding of how *conflict* is used by the author.
  - How do the interests of the various groups clash?
  - What actions demonstrate the position of each group?
  - How is Anthony affected by this external conflict?
  - How does he react to it?
- Lead students to an understanding of *external* and *internal conflict.*

  external conflict – the character or main figure struggles against another person, against nature, or against society.

  internal conflict – the character struggles against some element of his own personality.

SUMMARY

- Direct students to work in groups to discuss the following:
  - How do groups use events to promote their particular interests?
  - What present-day situations are similar to the conflicts presented in *Anthony Burns?*
  - How does an author use conflict to enhance a novel?
  - What do the words "Wings over Jordan" mean to Anthony?
- Recall groups to discuss findings.

ASSIGNMENT

- Present new vocabulary/concepts in context prior to assignment. Possibilities include: overseer, disfigurement, painstakingly, monument, forthright, superseded, corroborative, adjournment, claimant.
- Direct students to finish reading the novel, including the epilogue and afterword, and answer the following:
  - What is the result of the hearing?

Activity 9

Reading the Novel *Anthony Burns* (Chapters 14-20 and Epilogue)

MATERIALS

- copies of *Anthony Burns: The Defeat and Triumph of a Fugitive Slave,* by Virginia Hamilton (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1988. Paperbound edition published by Scholastic, 1989).

PERFORMANCE OBJECTIVES

Students will be able to:

- assess how the hearing affected Anthony Burns's life.
- recognize how the author uses characterization to help us form an understanding of Anthony Burns.

MAJOR IDEAS

- Reading about historical events provides an understanding of our judicial system.
- Understanding characterization helps us to recognize an author's point of view.

MOTIVATION

- Relate to students' prior knowledge. Read aloud the poem "Kidnappers!" by James Freeman Clarke.

Kidnappers!
by James Freeman Clarke

When Anthony Burns was taken down State Street,
and the people on each side hoarsely roared
"Kidnappers! kidnappers!"
at the soldiers who guarded him,
their faces showed
that they felt the truth of the charge.
We may wear on our hat
the cockade of the United States Marshal,
or we may be called out as a military company,
covered with feathers and gold lace,
but that does not vacate the principle.
We are kidnappers and man-stealers still.

— What is the poet describing? What is the role of the "military company"?

  - — What is the poet's point of view?
  - — What would motivate a poet to write such a poem?
  - — How does the poet's account differ from that of Virginia Hamilton?
- Introduce the activity.
  - — Today, we will discuss the hearing of Anthony Burns and how it affected his life.

DEVELOPMENT

- Discuss the answers to the purpose-setting question for chapters 14-20. Inform students that they should refer to the text to confirm their answers.
- Lead students to an understanding of how the hearing affected the life of Anthony Burns.
  - — Why did Richard Dana think that everything was stacked against Anthony Burns?
  - — What was the outcome of the hearing?
  - — How did Anthony Burns finally obtain his freedom?
  - — What were his accomplishments as a free man?
  - — What were the long-term effects of his case on the laws of Massachusetts?
- Discuss with students how Anthony Burns was portrayed.
  - — Who strongly influenced Anthony Burns's life?
  - — Which of his experiences were most influential?
  - — What internal strengths did he exhibit?
  - — How did these strengths prepare him to escape?
  - — How did they prepare him to cope with life after his capture?
  - — How did they help him to cope with life after he attained freedom?
- Lead students to an understanding of *characterization*.
  - — What are Virginia Hamilton's feelings about Anthony Burns?
  - — How does she convey/present these feelings? (Elicit: dialogue, descriptions, thoughts and actions of the characters.)

SUMMARY

- Direct students to work in groups to discuss the following:
  - —What do Anthony Burns's later accomplishments demonstrate?
  - —How can Anthony Burns's life be an inspiration to others?
  - —How can an author present his or her feelings about characters?
- Call groups together to analyze findings.

— How do historical novels provide insights into a particular era?

ASSIGNMENT

- Direct students to review their predictions to confirm or deny them.
- Direct students to make final entries on their timelines.

FOLLOW-UP

- Recommended reading: *Which Way Freedom*, by Joyce Hansen (New York: Walker & Company, 1976). This book tells about the Civil War from the point of view of a young Black soldier.
- Direct students to review timelines in order to get ideas for research topics. Provide time for students to gather information and prepare written reports on topics related to the issues discussed in *Anthony Burns.*
- Provide opportunities for students to research the lives and writings of such freedom fighters as Sojourner Truth, Harriet Tubman, and Frederick Douglass. Students may present their findings in oral reports.

Activity 10

Listening to a Song: "Follow the Drinking Gourd"

MATERIALS

- *Follow the Drinking Gourd* (words and music by Paul Campbell, Folkways Music Publishers, New York, 1979).

PERFORMANCE OBJECTIVES

Students will be able to:

- listen to and interpret information presented in an African-American folk song.
- recognize the use of a chorus in folk songs.

MAJOR IDEAS

- Folk songs enable us to appreciate the feelings of a people.
- Listening to folk songs develops our ability to recognize how information is conveyed through images and sounds.

MOTIVATION

- Relate to students' experiences. Ask the following questions:
  - — For what purposes do people use music?
  - — In what way can a specific message be conveyed through music?
- Introduce the activity.
  - — Today, we are going to hear a folk song that had special meaning to the slaves.

DEVELOPMENT

- Present vocabulary/concepts: Gourd is a name for the hard rind of a fruit, often shaped into a ladle. In this song the "drinking gourd" refers to the constellation called the Big Dipper, so named because it resembles a ladle to be drunk from. The "handle" of the Big Dipper points directly to the North Star.
- Set purpose for listening by asking the following question:
  - — What would happen if the slaves followed the drinking gourd? Why?
- Read the song aloud twice.

- After reading, discuss the answers to the purpose-setting question. Review basic information about the underground railroad. Ask the following questions to further develop comprehension.
  - — How important was it for the slaves to understand the words of the song?
  - — According to the song, what season is best for following the drinking gourd? What line tells us that? How might the landmark be used?
- Develop with students an understanding of the use of a *chorus*.
  - — Which part of the song is easiest to remember?
  - — Why is this part repeated so often?
  - — Who would be expected to sing along with this part of the song?
  - — How might this part of the song be used to inspire the people?
- Introduce the meaning of *chorus*.
  - — What do you call the part of a song that is repeated?
  - — A *chorus* is a song refrain in which the audience joins the soloist. It usually repeats the most important message of the song.
- Direct students in a singing of the song "Follow the Drinking Gourd" (teacher as soloist; students sing chorus).

SUMMARY

- Direct students to work in groups to discuss the following:
  - — What was the importance of the underground railroad?
  - — What factors contributed to the success of the underground railroad?
  - — How does working together help us to achieve positive results?
  - — How does listening to folk songs like "Follow the Drinking Gourd" contribute to our understanding of the slaves' flight to freedom?
  - — How does recognizing the use of a chorus contribute to our understanding of the message?
- Reconvene the class to discuss findings.

ASSIGNMENT

- Ask students to create a narrative in the voice of a person involved in the flight to freedom. Students may want to record these accounts.

FOLLOW-UP

- Provide an opportunity for students to recite their narratives.
- Direct students to read the story account of "Follow the Drinking Gourd."

Activity 11

Reading Letters: Timothy Maher to His Brother, Thomas Maher

MATERIALS

- copies of the letter from Timothy Maher to his brother, Thomas Maher, in *Letters From America* (C. O'Brien, Printer, Tipperary, Ireland, 1836).

PERFORMANCE OBJECTIVES

Students will be able to:

- appreciate the experiences of an Irishman in nineteenth-century America.
- recognize that letters can be a source of historical information.

MAJOR IDEAS

- Reading leads to an appreciation of new Americans' quest for equality.
- Reading documents provides us with information about our history.

MOTIVATION

- Relate to students' experiences.
  - — How do you keep in touch with family or friends who live far away?
  - — How do you think people communicated in the nineteenth century? (Elicit: letters.)
  - — How long do you think it took for letters to be delivered from Europe to America?
- Introduce the activity.
  - —Today, we are going to read a letter written in 1836 from a new American to his family in Ireland.

DEVELOPMENT

- Present new vocabulary/concepts in context. Possibilities include: beseeching, afford, middling, prudent, industrious.
- Distribute copies of the letter from Timothy Maher to his brother Thomas.
- Direct students to read the letter silently and answer the following:
  - — Why did Timothy Maher write this letter?
- Provide an opportunity for students to answer the purpose-setting question. Develop further comprehension by asking questions such as:

- — Why do you think he has not received an answer to his first letter?
- — What concern does he express in the letter? (Elicit: He thinks his father is dead.)
- — How do you think he got this information?
- — How does he describe America?
- — What effect might this description have on his brother?
- — How do you think he feels about his future?
- — What characteristics does the writer feel are necessary for someone to succeed in America?
- — What does he tell the family about his sister?
- — What does this tell us about the status of women in 1836?

- Lead students to an understanding of letters as a source of historical information.
  - — What kinds of information do people tend to share in letters?
  - — What do we learn from the letter about living conditions in 1836?
  - — What do we learn about the problems of immigrants?
  - — What do we learn about employment?
  - — What do we learn about communications?
  - — What conclusions can we draw about life in America in 1836?

SUMMARY

- Direct students to work in groups to discuss the following:
  - — How were Timothy Maher's experiences similar to those of other immigrants?
  - — Why were letters so important in this time period?
  - — With what opportunity did America provide Timothy Maher?
  - — How do letters provide us with an understanding of an historical period?
- Call groups together to discuss findings.

ASSIGNMENT

- Direct students to write a letter to a close friend or relative describing life in New York City today.

Activity 12

Reading an Anthem: "The Song of Borinquén"

MATERIALS

- copies of "The Song of Borinquén," by Lola Rodriguez de Tio, and "The Star Spangled Banner," by Francis Scott Key.

PERFORMANCE OBJECTIVES

Students will be able to:

- understand how "The Song of Borinquén" reflects the search for equality.
- appreciate how the tone of a literary work affects our understanding of its message.

MAJOR IDEAS

- Reading anthems provides an opportunity to understand the common bonds amongst people searching for equality.
- Understanding the tone of a work leads to an awareness of the author's purpose.

MOTIVATION

- Recall students' prior knowledge.
  —What caused the American Revolution?
  —What was the result? (Elicit: The United States achieved independence from England.)
  —What is a patriot?
  —What might inspire patriotism?
- Introduce the activity.
  — Today, we will be reading an anthem describing the feelings of the people of Puerto Rico (Borinquén) toward their mother country.

DEVELOPMENT

- Introduce vocabulary/concepts in context. Possibilities include: Borinquén (another name for Puerto Rico), clamor.
- Distribute copies of "The Song of Borinquén."
- Set purpose for listening by asking the following:

—What is the author's message?

- Read poem aloud twice.
- Develop comprehension by answering the purpose-setting question. Further questions include:
  - — What is meant by the line "Awake, Borinquéños"? (Elicit: The anthem is urging a rebellion against the government of Spain.)
  - — Why do you think the sound of cannon will be dear?
  - — How does the author feel about her compatriots?
  - — How will they achieve their goal?
- Develop with students an understanding of the author's use of *tone.*
  - — What is the author's attitude toward this subject?
  - — How does her choice of words emphasize this feeling? (Cite examples.)
  - — How does the author use punctuation to express this feeling? (Cite examples.)
- Introduce the term *tone.*
  - — An author's attitude toward a subject is expressed by what we call the tone of a literary work.
  - — What is the tone of the anthem?

SUMMARY

- Direct students to work in groups to discuss the follow questions:
  - — Can this author's message apply to other people's struggles for equality?
  - — What is the purpose of an anthem?
  - — Why is it important to know your national anthem?
  - — In what ways can an author emphasize the message of a literary piece?
- Gather class together to discuss findings.

ASSIGNMENT

- Direct students to read "The Star Spangled Banner" (see page 53).
  - — How does the message of "The Star Spangled Banner" differ from that of the "Song of Borinquén"?

FOLLOW-UP

- Students may share anthems they know from other nations.
- Provide an opportunity to discuss and learn "The Star Spangled Banner" and other anthems.
- Students may read other works by Lola Rodriguez de Tio, such as: "My Songs" and "Return to My Hills."

Activity 13

Reading a Short Story — *For Gold and Blood*

MATERIALS

- copies of chapters 2 and 4 of *For Gold and Blood*, by Tana Reiff (Belmont, CA: Fearon Publications, 1989).

PERFORMANCE OBJECTIVES

Students will be able to:

- examine the experiences of the Chinese during the early nineteenth century.
- develop an understanding of how a chart can be used to organize information.

MAJOR IDEAS

- Reading about other groups' experiences enables us to learn about their quest for equality.
- Using graphic representations helps organize information.

MOTIVATION

- Relate to students' prior experiences.
  - — Describe a time when you felt you were treated unfairly.
  - — How did you feel?
  - — What did you do?
- Introduce the activity.
  - — Today, we are going to read about the experiences of two Chinese brothers who immigrated to the United States.

DEVELOPMENT

- Present new vocabulary in context prior to reading and discuss meaning. Possibilities include: strike (meaning "work stoppage"), pick (meaning the tool).
- Distribute copies of chapters 2 and 4 of *For Gold and Blood*, by Tana Reiff.
- Direct students to read these selections silently and answer the following question:
  - — What were the experiences of the Chinese during the early immigration period?
- Lead students to an understanding that the work available to the Chinese immigrants was limited by discrimination and that these jobs were considered "lowly" work.

- Develop comprehension by creating an opportunity for students to answer the purpose-setting question. Additional questions might include:
  - — What were the brothers' jobs? What circumstances led them to this type of work? What role did discrimination play?
  - — How did the brothers feel about their jobs? Explain.
  - — What was the relationship between the Chinese and the other railroad workers?
  - — Why did the Chinese workers feel that the head man treated them unfairly?
  - — What were some of the feelings that were expressed by the Chinese workers as a result of these inequities?
  - — What actions did they take?
  - — Why did Ping start the walkout? How did discrimination affect his choice?
- Develop with students a chart depicting the differences in treatment of the Chinese and the other workers. Draw a T chart on the board and label its parts.

	Chinese Workers	Other Workers
Salary		
Work hours		
Meals		
Type of work		

  - — How does this chart help to clarify the facts of the story?

SUMMARY

- Direct students to work in groups to answer the following:
  - — How does the saying "Equal pay for equal work" apply to this story?
  - — How do the experiences of today's immigrants compare with those of the early Chinese workers?
  - — How can using a chart help us to organize information?
- Convene the class to analyze groups' findings.

ASSIGNMENT

- Use the information in the chart to write a "letter to the editor" expressing your opinion about the treatment of the workers in the story.

FOLLOW-UP

- Direct students to read other novels by Tana Reiff, such as *The Family from Vietnam.*
- Direct students to research the effects of the labor unions on workers.
- Read to the class: *The Long Hard Journey: The Story of the Pullman Porter* by Patricia and Fredrick McKissack (New York: Walker, 1989).

Activity 14

Reading Historical Resources — The Chinese Exclusion Act of 1882

MATERIALS

- copies of the Chinese Exclusion Act of 1882
- copies of "Throwing Down the Ladder by Which They Rose" (1870), cartoon by Thomas Nast
- copies of the "Quota" Act, 1921-22

PERFORMANCE OBJECTIVES

Students will be able to:

- understand the implications of the Chinese Exclusion Act.
- recognize the importance of historic resources.
- appreciate the use of political cartoons.

MAJOR IDEAS

- Reading laws helps us to understand historic events.
- Historic documents provide us with information about life in other times.
- Reading political cartoons allows us to understand different points of view.

MOTIVATION

- Relate to students' prior experiences.
- In 1955, Rosa Parks, an African-American, refused to take a seat in the back of a bus in Birmingham, Alabama. She was arrested for this action.
  - — Why couldn't this happen today?
  - — What protections exist against acts of discrimination? (Elicit: antidiscrimination laws.)
- Introduce the activity.
  - — Today, we are going to read laws that discriminated against the Chinese and other groups.

DEVELOPMENT

- Present new vocabulary in context prior to reading and discuss meaning. Possibilities include: enacted, expiration, abet, repealed.
- Distribute copies of the Chinese Exclusion Act of 1882.

- Read excerpts aloud as students read silently to answer the following question:
  - — How did this law affect Chinese immigration?
- Lead students to an understanding of the implications of the law.
  - — How did this law affect Chinese who were already living in the United States? (Refer to Section 14.)
  - — What are the specific effects of the loss of the right to citizenship?
  - — What reactions do you think the American public had toward the Chinese?
- Introduce the political cartoon by Thomas Nast.
- Direct students to look at the cartoon.
  - — What is the main action in the cartoon?
  - — What is meant by the title, "Throwing Down the Ladder by Which They Rose?"
  - — What is Thomas Nast's opinion of exclusionary laws?

SUMMARY

- Direct students to work in groups to answer the following:
  - — How can citizens protest discriminatory acts?
  - — What effects do you think media have on public opinion?
  - — What can we learn about events from historic documents?
- Call groups together to discuss findings.

ASSIGNMENT

- Discuss in writing your feelings about laws which limit immigration.

FOLLOW-UP

- Direct students to compare the Chinese Exclusion Act of 1882 with the "Quota" Act of 1921-22. Then have them research more recent immigration laws.
- Provide an opportunity for students to review additional political cartoons.
- Direct students to write a "Letter to the Editor" describing their feelings about the exclusion law.

Activity 15

Reading an Essay — "A Kiowa Grandmother," Part I

MATERIALS

- copies of "A Kiowa Grandmother," from *The Way to Rainy Mountain*, by N. Scott Momaday (Albuquerque, NM: University of New Mexico Press, 1968).

PERFORMANCE OBJECTIVES

Students will be able to:

- learn about the history of the Kiowas.
- understand that the Native Americans were not always protected by the laws of our country.
- appreciate an author's use of visual imagery.

MAJOR IDEAS

- Reading an essay can give us a fresh perspective on a people and their culture.
- Visual images can be conveyed through the use of powerful language.

MOTIVATION

- Relate to students' experiences.
  - — What do we know about American Indians?
  - — Where did we obtain our information?
- Introduce the activity.
  - — Today, we are going to read about one group of Native Americans, the Kiowas.

DEVELOPMENT

- Present vocabulary/concepts in context prior to reading. Possibilities include: tornadic, anvil, linear, isolate, infirm, disposition, affliction, cleavages, luxuriant.
- Set purpose for listening to the first paragraph by asking the following question:
  - — What is being described in this paragraph?
- Read paragraph aloud twice.
- Provide an opportunity to discuss the purpose-setting question.
- Distribute copies of "A Kiowa Grandmother," Part I. Set purpose for silent reading by asking the following question:

  - Where did the Kiowas live?
- Provide an opportunity to answer the purpose-setting question and pose additional questions, such as:
  - How did the Kiowas feel about the land?
  - How did the life of the Kiowas change over the centuries?
  - What effect did the coming of the cavalry have on the Kiowas?
  - Why do you think the cavalry attacked them?
  - Why did the Kiowas surrender?
  - What is meant by the "dark brooding of old warriors"?
- Lead students to an understanding of the author's use of *visual imagery*.
- Direct students to reread the first paragraph and work in groups to discuss the following questions:
  - How would you describe Rainy Mountain?
  - How does the author's description reflect a special regard for the land?
  - If you were to paint a picture of Rainy Mountain, what colors would you use?
  - What else would you include in the picture?
  - How did the author enable you to "see" (in your mind's eye) the details?
- Provide an opportunity for the groups to share their answers and develop an understanding of the term *visual imagery*.
  - The author uses concrete details that appeal to the senses, establish mood and arouse emotion. This technique is called *visual imagery*.
- Direct students to find other examples of the author's use of visual imagery.

SUMMARY

- Direct students to work in groups to answer the following:
  - What effect do you think storytelling has on the history of the Kiowas?
  - What effect did the settlers have on the lives of Native Americans?
  - How did the author's use of visual imagery make the story come alive?
- Call groups together to discuss findings.

ASSIGNMENT

- Direct students to read Part II of "A Kiowa Grandmother." Set purpose for reading by asking the question:
  - How many stories are being told? Explain.

FOLLOW-UP

- Plan a trip to the Museum of Natural History to document the experiences of the Plains Indians.
- Teachers can contact the library at the Museum of the American Indian for references on the Kiowa Indians.

Activity 16

Reading an Essay: "A Kiowa Grandmother," Part II

MATERIALS

- copies of "A Kiowa Grandmother" from *The Way to Rainy Mountain,* by N. Scott Momaday (Albuquerque, NM: University of New Mexico Press, 1968).

PERFORMANCE OBJECTIVES

Students will be able to:

- learn about the experiences of a Kiowa grandmother.
- understand that folktales seek to explain natural phenomena.

MAJOR IDEAS

- Reading allows us to recognize the role elders play in our lives.
- Reading enables an appreciation of folktales as a source of information.

MOTIVATION

- Relate to students' experiences.
  - — How do we learn about our family history? (Elicit: from older family members, from listening to stories and looking at keepsakes and pictures.)
- Introduce the activity.
  - — Today, we are going to read about how the history of one Kiowa family is kept alive.

DEVELOPMENT

- Present vocabulary/concepts in context prior to reading. Possibilities include: kinsman, reverence, opaque, weariness, consummate, purl, hie.
- Direct students to review "A Kiowa Grandmother," Part II and have them answer the following question:
  - — How is the family history kept alive?
- Provide an opportunity to discuss answers to the purpose-setting question. Ask additional questions, such as:
  - — What was the significance of the Sun Dance?
  - — What role did the buffalo play in the ancients' rites?
  - — What part did prayer play in the grandmother's life?
  - — What was the grandmother's role in the Kiowa community?

  - Why does the house look different to the author after the grandmother's death?
  - How does the author feel about his grandmother's burial on Rainy Mountain?
- Lead students to an awareness of the importance of folktales in explaining natural phenomena.
- Read the folktale aloud and ask the following questions:
  - Why did the Kiowas tell this folktale?
  - What natural phenomenon is being explained here?
  - What is the meaning of this folktale to the Kiowas?
  - Why would this folktale continue to be meaningful?

SUMMARY

- How does the grandmother's life reflect the lives of all Native Americans?
- How do the experiences of Native Americans compare with those of other groups?
- How do folktales perpetuate the values of a people?

ASSIGNMENT

- Direct students to select a folktale of their choice and to present it to the class. Provide time for sharing.

FOLLOW-UP

- Direct students to read other Native American folktales, from *American Indian Myths*, by Richard Erolos and Alfonso Ortiz (New York: Pantheon, 1984).
- Direct students to read the poem "Aunt Sue's Stories," by Langston Hughes, in *The Dream Keeper and Other Poems* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1932).
- Ask students to share family stories with the class.

Activity 17

Point of View in Poetry—
"Lamentations of Estranged Wives" and "Nostalgic Blues" No. 75

MATERIALS

- copies of "Lamentations of Estranged Wives, No. 52," and "Nostalgic Blues, No. 75," from *Songs of Gold Mountain,*` by Marlon K. Hom (Berkeley, CA: University of California Press, 1987).

PERFORMANCE OBJECTIVES

Students will be able to:

- understand the similarities and differences in the feelings and hopes of Chinese immigrants and their wives.
- recognize different points of view in poetry.

MAJOR IDEAS

- Reading poetry helps us to understand and identify with the feelings of immigrants.
- Recognizing point of view leads to an appreciation of the poet's message.

MOTIVATION

- Relate to students' experiences.
  - — Have you ever been separated from someone to whom you felt very close? How did you feel? How did you keep in touch with that person?
- Introduce the activity.
  - — Today, we are going to read poems about Chinese couples who have been separated because the husbands have gone to the United States.

DEVELOPMENT

- Introduce new vocabulary/concepts in context prior to reading. Possibilities include: desperation, mandarin ducks (man and woman deeply in love), sojourn.
- Distribute copies of "Lamentations of Estranged Wives, No. 52," and "Nostalgic Blues, No. 75."
- Set purpose for silent reading by asking students to answer the following questions:
  - —What is the wife's hope?

—What is the husband's hope?

- Provide an opportunity for students to discuss the purpose-setting questions, and develop comprehension through further questioning. Some suggestions are:
  - — What is the Gold Mountain?
  - — Why did the husband leave for the Gold Mountain?
  - — What does the wife want her husband to do?
  - — What are the husband's feelings about his family?
  - — What is the husband's wish?
  - — How are the poems similar?
- Lead students to an understanding of the poet's use of point of view.
  - — What is the theme of each poem?
  - — Compare the feelings and hopes of the writers.
  - — How do the poems differ?
  - — Whom are the poems about?
- Introduce the term *point of view.*
- *Point of view* refers to the perspective of the narrator who tells a story.

SUMMARY

- What were the realizations that the Chinese immigrants and their families had to face once they left home?
- How does the experience of the Chinese compare to that of other groups?
- How does recognizing a writer's point of view help the reader understand the story?

ASSIGNMENT

- Direct students to write a poem from the point of view of a child whose parent has gone to another country to seek his/her fortune. Provide opportunities for students to read their poems aloud.

FOLLOW-UP

- Read other poems by Chinese immigrants and their families in *Songs of Gold Mountain,* by Marlon K. Hom (Berkeley, CA: University of California Press, 1987).

GRADE LEVEL 7: STRUGGLE FOR EQUALITY

Activity 18

Metaphor in Poetry — "I, Too"

MATERIALS

- copies of the poem "I, Too," by Langston Hughes, from *The Dream Keeper and Other Poems* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1932).

PERFORMANCE OBJECTIVES

Students will be able to:

- appreciate African-Americans' quest for equality.
- recognize the use of extended metaphor.

MAJOR IDEAS

- Reading poetry helps us appreciate the experiences and emotions of others.
- Reading poetry develops our ability to consider ideas from new perspectives.

MOTIVATION

- Relate to students' prior knowledge
  - What was the position of African-Americans in the early history of our country?
  - What problems did they encounter?
- Introduce the activity.
  - Today, we will read a poem in which the poet Langston Hughes, an African-American, describes his feelings about inequality.

DEVELOPMENT

- Distribute copies of "I, Too," by Langston Hughes.
- Set purpose for reading by asking the following question:

  —How does the poet feel about his position?
- Provide an opportunity for students to answer the purpose-setting question, and develop comprehension through further questioning. Some suggestions are:
  - What is the poem about?
  - Who is the "darker brother"?
  - How is he treated?

- How does the poet feel about the future?
  - Why does he feel change will occur?
  - Who are "they"?
- Lead students to an understanding of the use of metaphor.
  - What comparisons do you see in this poem?
  - What is meant by "Tomorrow, I'll be at the table"?
- Introduce the term *metaphor*.
- An implied comparison between two things that are basically different is called a *metaphor*.
- Lead students to an awareness of the use of extended metaphor.
  - What image runs throughout the poem?
- Introduce the term *extended metaphor*.
  - When a particular metaphor is used as an image throughout a written work, it is called an *extended metaphor*.

SUMMARY

- Direct students to work in groups to discuss the following:
  - What do you think causes people to discriminate against another group?
  - Are there other groups to whom the poem's message would apply? Explain.
  - In what way does America today reflect the poet's ideas?
  - What effect does the use of extended metaphor have on a poem?

ASSIGNMENT

- Students should memorize the poem to prepare for choral reading.

FOLLOW-UP

- Allow time for students to develop choral reading activity.
- Direct students to read other poems by Langston Hughes (e.g., "Let America Be America Again") and identify his use of metaphor in them.
- Ask students to work in groups to review newspaper articles which reflect examples of unequal treatment of people today. Their examples should be presented to the class along with their suggestions for ways in which they could combat such inequality.

Activity 19

Writing a Speech

MATERIALS

- Copies of selections used throughout the theme.

PERFORMANCE OBJECTIVES

Students will be able to:

- select and organize information for formal oral presentation.
- identify with characters in literature and recognize a connection with their own environment.

MAJOR IDEAS

- Ideas and language may be used to influence the thoughts, feelings, and attitudes of an audience.
- Studying characters in literature helps us to clarify values, deepen human understanding, and form judgments.

MOTIVATION

- Relate to students' knowledge.
    - — What message did Lincoln convey in the Gettysburg Address? (Elicit: We must all work for equality so that the soldiers will not have died in vain).
    - — Have Lincoln's wishes been fulfilled? Explain.
    - — If Lincoln were alive today, might he give the same speech? Explain. If not, what changes would he make?
- Introduce the activity.
    - — Today, we will begin organizing speeches of our own on equality.
    - — If you could give a speech about equality, what main points would you include? List suggestions on chalkboard.

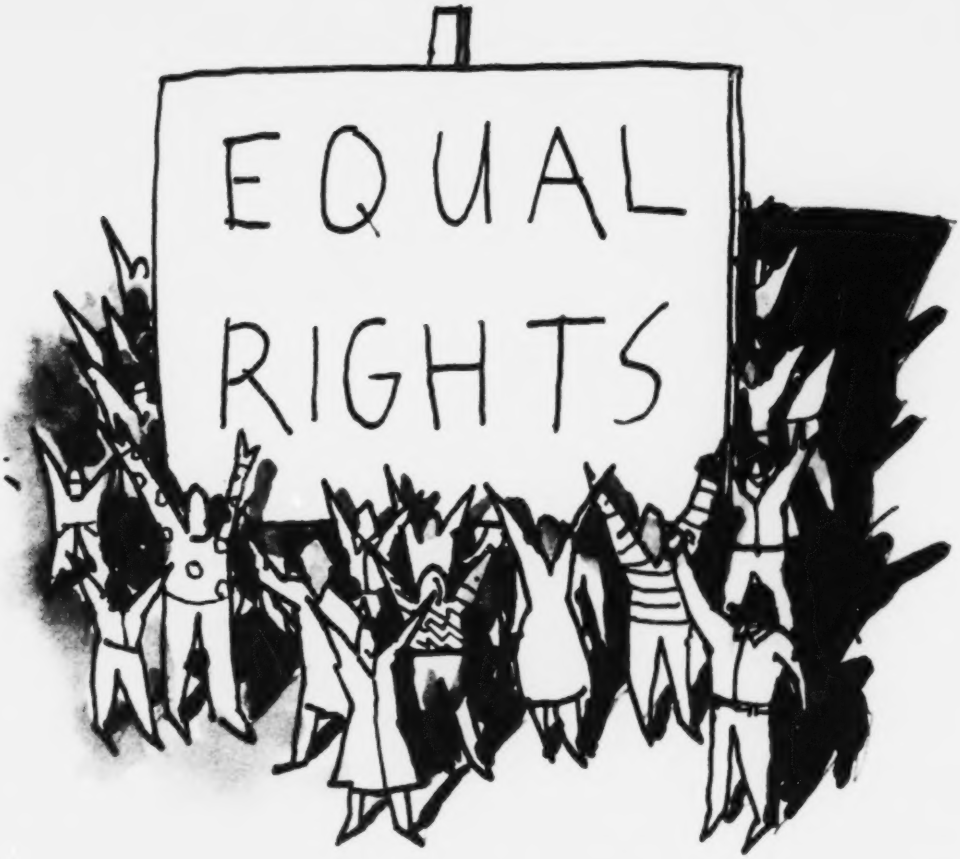
DEVELOPMENT

- Students should be directed to record relevant points to be organized into a speech.
- Direct students to work in groups to discuss the following:
    - — How have conditions changed for the different groups studied in this theme?

- What problems exist today that did not exist or were not recognized during the time period studied?
- What changes would you recommend to achieve full equality?
- Review with students the qualities of a successful speech (Refer to Activity 1).
- Provide time for students to organize and write speeches during class and as a homework assignment.
- Develop with students a checklist of the qualities of an effective oral presentation. The following qualities should be included: organization, clarity, pacing, intention, pronunciation, gestures, eye contact, facial expressions, use of notes.
- Provide time for students to work in groups to revise and polish their speeches.
- Schedule students to present speeches during the next few sessions.

GRADE LEVEL 7

The Struggle for Equality


EQUAL
RIGHTS

Readings

Activity 1

The Gettysburg Address

by Abraham Lincoln

Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent, a new nation conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

Activity 2

The Wonderful Wooden Clock

The old man sat napping in his wicker rocking chair, a pair of eyeglasses perched perilously on the bridge of his nose. A low fire glowed in a great fireplace. He dreamed from time to time. One large hand would move or his lips would quiver briefly as though he were addressing himself to some problem.

Even in sleep the old man had a certain dignity. His hair was by now almost entirely white, although it was still thick. His forehead was broad and his eyes set wide apart. The face tended to form a triangle with a pointed chin and firm jaw. He was dressed in a simple broadcloth suit. He was a large man, somewhat heavy. His color was much like the Maryland earth, rich and deep and nearly black.

The old man slept on, his walking stick leaning against a near wall waiting. The time was summer, very late in the eighteenth century.

In the center of the main room of the old man's cottage stood a large oval table. It was cluttered with books and scientific instruments.

An abrupt rap on the cabin door brought the old man slowly awake. He picked up his walking stick, made his way across the room and opened the door to a dusty traveler. Tied to a tree behind the stranger was a horse, lathered from hard riding.

"Can you tell me how far to the home of Benjamin Banneker?" asked the white stranger.

"I am Benjamin Banneker," said the old man softly. "Come in. You appear weary."

The stranger, grateful and tired, followed the old man. "I have ridden since sunup to get here," said the stranger, a much younger man than his host.

"Please let me fix you something," said Banneker, "while you tell me what would make you rise so early and ride half a day to see a tired old man. Where are you from?"

The young man sat heavily. "Your reputation is well established," he said, as he slapped at the dust on his clothing with both hands.

Banneker took from a shelf a tin of tea and from a covered box brought fresh rolls. He placed them on a table near the fireplace, a table smaller than the great oval table where he studied. He heated water for the tea, all the while supported by his stick.

From another shelf, the old man took a small ruled notebook, ink and a quill pen. He placed these items on the table with the food and returned to brewing the tea.

It was Banneker's manner to be somewhat reserved with strangers, suiting a shy or modest personality. So he would not try to draw the young man out — at least not before the other had eaten and rested. Besides, Banneker had an idea about what brought his visitor from so far away on such a warm summer day.

Banneker motioned to the stranger and the two of them sat down. They ate without talking. Not that Banneker was reluctant to talk.

The question, Banneker thought to himself, would involve some movement of the stars or, more likely, a mathematical problem. He had had many visitors in his nearly seventy years. The curious, the distinguished, the builders with practical problems — all had been guests in Banneker's cabin. And most had come with questions.

Benjamin Banneker — he had spent most of his life in this cottage built by his father on a hill overlooking the Patapsco Valley. He had been to Washington, D.C., or the Federal Territory as it had been called, on important assignments for General Washington, as well as to Boston and other important cities. But his heart remained in the Patapsco Valley at Ellicott Mills. There he had lived and there he would die.

But this elderly black man was known in the world's highest scientific circles. In his own nation's capital, his genius, was a topic of conversation. He had worked under and exchanged important correspondence with Thomas Jefferson. He had even been discussed by prominent lawmakers of the era in the House of Commons in London.

At last Banneker broke the silence.

"It's my custom," he said, "to ask visitors to sign a little book I keep. Especially when they have traveled long and don't come often." He pushed the notebook, the ink and the quill toward the stranger.

The young man took up the quill, opened the notebook and wrote his name, Isaac Lepoleon Guy, in a careful hand. He was surveyor from Frederick Town, Maryland, he explained, and had ridden from Frederick to Ellicott Mills to ask the old man's advice.

"I am told that you helped lay out and survey the road from here to Frederick when you were only a young man," said the surveyor.

The road was being widened, he said. He had brought along his calculations and he asked Banneker to look at his work. He asked the old man how late in the year weather would permit construction.

The calculations he would be happy to check, said Banneker. He was somewhat flattered to be asked.

"The weather? That may be something else. Although I have tried for several years to provide at least a few clues in my almanac," he said.

(Indeed, the Banneker Almanack carried tide tables for Chesapeake Bay, anticipated eclipses for the year, the positions of planets and brief forecasts of wind, rain and snow.)

Benjamin Banneker went to the great oval table and cleared an area for work by moving a mass of books and papers from one place on the table to another. Except for the cleared work area, the table looked to the surveyor as cluttered and confused afterwards as it had before. He couldn't imagine that the old man would be able to find anything.

Banneker worked with the young man through the afternoon, effortlessly pulling the information he wanted from one pile of material or another as he needed it. The two men spoke only when necessary. Occasionally they shared a moment of laughter when one or the other discovered an oversight in the calculations. For the most part, the afternoon went by silently, except for the pleasant sounds coming from the outside — the voices of katydids and crickets caught in the joy of the summer's sun.

At last the surveyor was satisfied, or nearly so. The errors in his calculations — there were several — had been corrected. He could complete his project and predict with some assurance that the weather would be good for construction until late in the fall.

The visitor had one more request.

"I have heard, sir, that you once built an amazing clock. Some say it was the first clock to be built in the States. Is that so? Whatever became of such a clock? I should think it would be a great curiosity. I would like to tell my fiancée that I examined such an important piece during my visit with you."

Banneker hadn't thought about his clock in a long time. There were so many new things to think about. But true enough, it had been a curiosity in the valley. In a way it had brought him fame far beyond the valley. At least it had been the beginning.

"Yes. . . yes, there is a clock," said Banneker. "I still have it here somewhere." He hobbled across the room, searching through the closets and cabinets, and then reaching to a high place in a dark corner, brought down an object roughly the size of a small drum.

He carried the timepiece to the cleared place on the oval table and put it down. Uncovering the clock, he reached into the works, and set it ticking loudly and woodenly.

"I keep it covered to keep out the dust," Banneker explained. "There aren't many who ask to see it any more."

"Perhaps not," said the surveyor. "But thirty or forty years ago it must have been a novelty. Was it hard to build?"

"It required much study to produce a concert of correct action between the hour, minute and second machinery and to cause it to strike the hours," said Banneker. This answer was the one he always offered.

Banneker gave his guest a cool drink and then walked with him to his horse, tied to a chestnut tree nearby. Black-eyed Susans edged the path beneath the huge elms Benjamin had planted many years earlier to ward off the summer's sun. The visitor had been good company and the old man had enjoyed the afternoon.

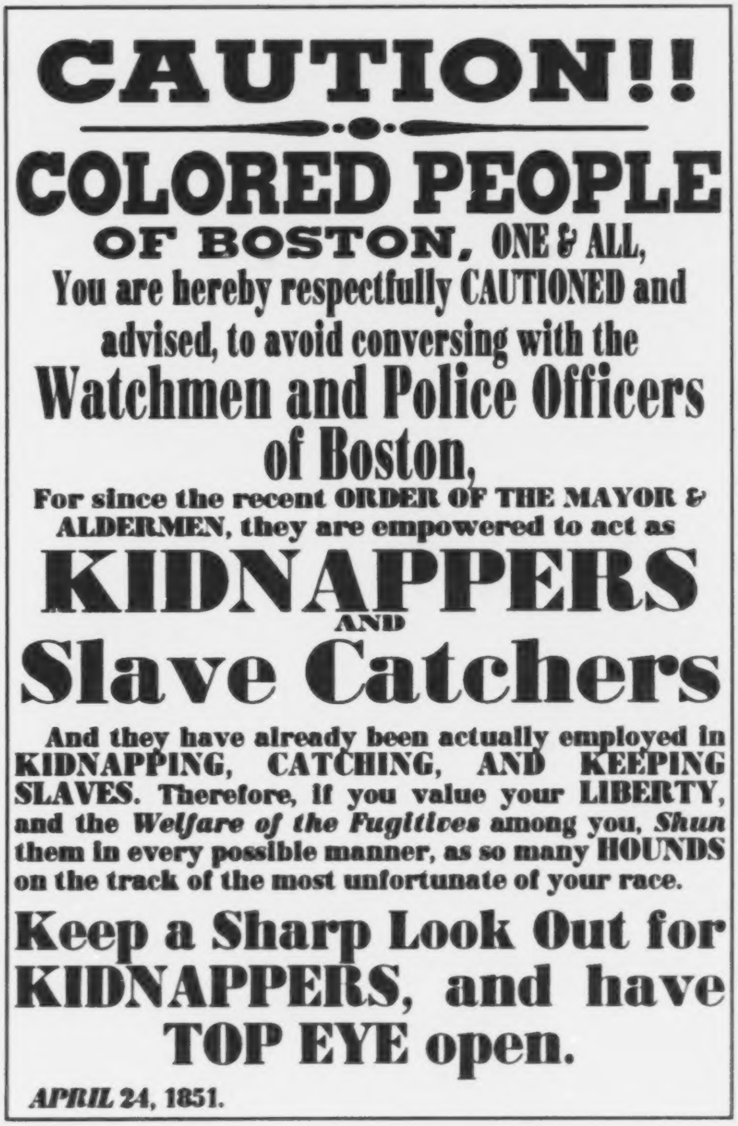
As the surveyor rode off in the direction of Frederick, Banneker made his way back into the cottage. Evening was near and there would soon be a chill in the air. Banneker stirred the fire, then returned to his wicker rocking chair to consider his past at length.

Soon he was dozing.

From the "The Wonderful Wooden Clock." In Claude Lewis, *Benjamin Banneker: The Man Who Saved Washington* (New York: McGraw-Hill Company, 1970).

Activity 6

Public Notice, Boston Massachusetts, April 24, 1851



CAUTION!!

COLORED PEOPLE

OF BOSTON, ONE & ALL,

You are hereby respectfully CAUTIONED and advised, to avoid conversing with the

Watchmen and Police Officers of Boston,

For since the recent ORDER OF THE MAYOR & ALDERMEN, they are empowered to act as

KIDNAPPERS

AND

Slave Catchers

And they have already been actually employed in KIDNAPPING, CATCHING, AND KEEPING SLAVES. Therefore, if you value your LIBERTY, and the *Welfare of the Fugitives* among you, *Shun* them in every possible manner, as so many HOUNDS on the track of the most unfortunate of your race.

Keep a Sharp Look Out for KIDNAPPERS, and have TOP EYE open.

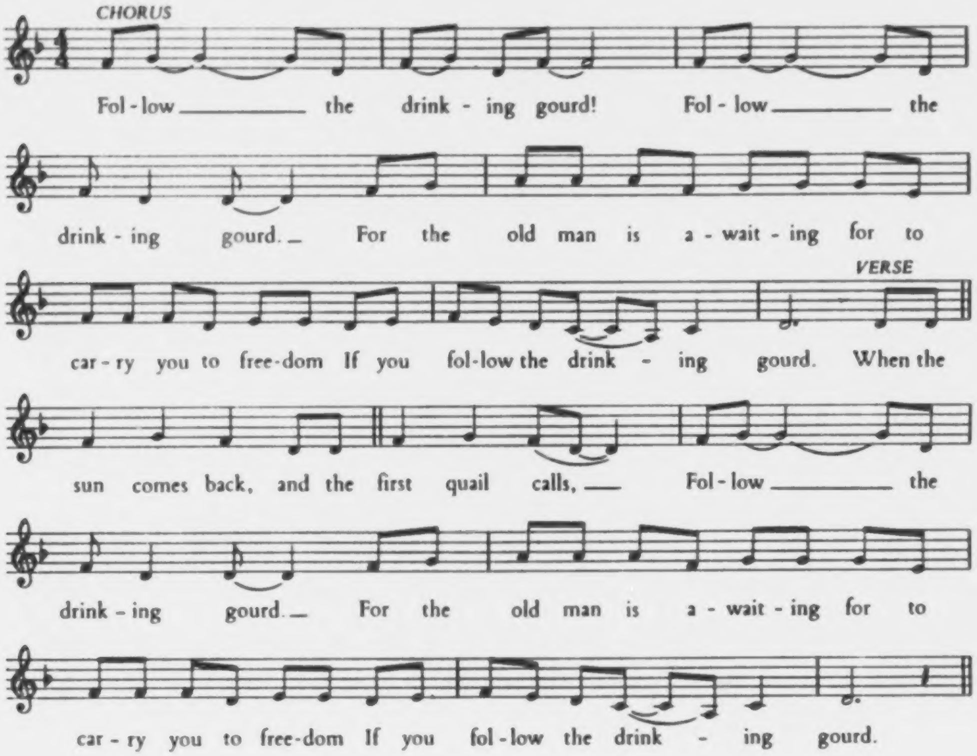
***APRIL* 24, 1851.**

New York Public Library. Permission pending.

Activity 10

Follow the Drinking Gourd

by Jeanette Winter


CHORUS
Fol - low ___ the drink - ing gourd! Fol - low ___ the
drink - ing gourd. _ For the old man is a - wait - ing for to
car - ry you to free - dom If you fol - low the drink - ing gourd. When the
VERSE
sun comes back, and the first quail calls, _ Fol - low ___ the
drink - ing gourd. _ For the old man is a - wait - ing for to
car - ry you to free - dom If you fol - low the drink - ing gourd.

(Repeat Chorus)

The Riverbank makes a very good road,

The dead trees will show you the way.

Left foot, peg foot, traveling on,

Follow the drinking gourd.

(Repeat Chorus)

The river ends between two hills,

Follow the drinking gourd.

There's another river on the other side,

Follow the drinking gourd.

(Repeat Chorus)

When the great river meets the little river,

Follow the drinking gourd.

For the old man is a-waiting for to carry you to freedom,

If you follow the drinking gourd.

From: "Follow the Drinking Gourd." Words and music by Paul Campbell, TRO 1951, renewed 1979, by Folkways Music Publishers.

Activity 11

A Letter from Timothy Maher to His Brother, Thomas Maher

Dear Brother,

After a very long absence, I avail myself at length of writing to you, hoping to find you and the rest of my brothers and sisters in good health as this leaves me and my sister, thanks be to God for it. Dear brother, this is the second letter I have written to you since I came to America—the reason I received no answer I cannot tell. I cannot believe it to be bad nature; however, I hope to receive an answer to this as speedy as possible, in which you will let me know all the particulars you know I would be glad to be informed about. This letter would, of course, be directed to my father, but being informed he was dead (though still without authority); but if in eternity, I have to join my prayers with yours in beseeching the Lord to have mercy upon his soul.

Since I came to this country, I am able to inform you that I am doing very well, as also my sister, who is in one house with a very respectable family since we came to Troy, the capital of the country. This country, as you all know, is very extensive, in all parts of which, if a man was prudent, there is no doubt but he would make a comfortable living, and as there is good demand for trade and labour, I should be very glad to have my brother Dennis come here, for I know that he can do a good deal better than at home. But let no man be encouraged by me; however, I boldly say that this is ten times a better place than Ireland. There was a good deal of matter respecting men's wages, the hire of women, the hire of land and what it would cost to buy middling good ground for ever, contained in the other letter, which will give you all such information, so I think there is no occasion of mentioning them here.

I am employed this season with a Mr. Tibbets of Hossack, about 22 miles west of the city of Troy, and my sister is five miles west of Troy with a Mr. Vandemarck, who uses her very kindly. My wages this season is from 14 to 15 dollars per month, after paying my board, and my sister's wages about a dollar a month. This place is as healthy as Ireland, and in every manner that I have found it, able to afford an industrious man a comfortable living.

So, dear brother,

Believe me, & c.

From *Letters From America*, C. O'Brien, Printer, Tipperary, 1836.

Activity 12

The Song of Borinquén

by Lola Rodriguez de Tio

Awake, Borinquéños,
for they've given the signal!

Awake from your sleep
for it's time to fight!

Come! The sound of cannon
will be dear to us.

At that patriotic clamor
doesn't your heart burn?

Look! The Cuban will soon be free,
the machete will give him freedom.

The drum of war announces in its beating
that the thicket is the place, the meeting place!

Most beautiful Borinquén, we have to follow Cuba,
you have brave sons who want to fight!

Let us no more seem fearful!
Let us no more, timid, permit our enslavement!

We want to be free already
and our machete is well sharpened!

Why should we, then, remain so asleep
and deaf, asleep and deaf to that signal?

There's no need to fear, Ricans, the sound of cannon,
for saving the homeland is the duty of the heart!

We want no more despots! Let the tyrant fall!
Women, likewise wild, will know how to fight!

We want freedom and our machete will give it to us!

Let's go, Puerto Ricans, let's go already,
for LIBERTY is waiting, ever so anxious!

The Star-Spangled Banner

by Francis Scott Key

1. Oh, say! can you see, by the dawn's early light
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming?
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof throu' the night that our flag was still there.
Oh, say! does that Star-Spangled Banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

2. On the shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines on the stream;
"Tis the Star-Spangled Banner, oh, long may it wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

3. Oh, thus be it ever when freemen shall stand,
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation!
Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n rescued land
Praise the Pow'r that hath made and preserved us a nation!
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto: "In God is our trust!"
And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

Activity 13

For Gold and Blood
by Tana Reiff

CHAPTER 2

Soo and Ping went to work for a gold company. Some white men showed them how to find gold. Soo and Ping learned fast. They picked for gold up and down the hills. They used flat pans to find gold in streams.

Sure enough, they found gold. Sometimes they found little pieces. Most of the time they found gold dust. The white men let them keep half of what they found.

The Chinese workers were a sight to see. They wore blue coats and big, wide hats. Their shoes had heavy wood bottoms. Each man had a long, black tail of hair down his back. They each carried a long pole with a bag at the end. Inside the bag were clothes, food, and a mat. Each night in the gold camp they slept on their mats. They ate with two sticks instead of a fork.

The white men laughed at the Chinese men. "You look like clowns with yellow skin!" they called out.

Soo and Ping did not understand every word of this. But they knew the men were making fun of them.

"Don't listen to them," said Soo. "We will all get rich from the gold!"

"This is too good to be true!" said Ping. "I cannot believe we are finding real gold!"

"I told you so, little brother!" said Soo. "Soon the whole family can come to California."

"No, no!" said Ping. "I want to go back to China."

"We'll see what happens," said Soo. "Maybe we'll strike it big! But for now, we must live in this country. And the sooner we learn English, the better off we will be."

"You are right," said Ping. "Each day we must learn some new English words."

Not long after that, Ping made a big strike. It was late in the day. "Look here!" he called to Soo. "Have you ever seen such a large piece of gold?"

Soo picked up the gold. It was as big as an orange. There was much more gold where that came from.

In no time, the whole camp heard about the strike. Everyone came over to see the gold.

"That's a pretty big strike," said the head man.

"You get half, we get half," said Soo.

"Not on a strike that big!" laughed the head man. "Now, you and your brother, get out of here! Leave this camp now!"

"There is no use in fighting," said Ping. "We must leave."

Soo was angry. He felt that fair was fair. Why shouldn't Ping get half the gold?

The sun was setting over the mountain. Soo and Ping tied their bags to their poles. In the still of the night the two were gone.

CHAPTER 4

"Come with me to build the railroad," Soo said to Ping.

"I still want to look for gold," Ping answered. "I feel I may get lucky one of these days."

"I'm finished with gold," said Soo. "You must go your way and I must go mine." Soo was sad that his brother would not come with him.

"Sometime we will meet again," said Ping. "Good luck, my brother."

With that, Soo and Ping Lee parted their ways.

Soo went to work on the new railroad. He joined a crew of 10,000 men. The white men were paid $35 a month. They also got free food. The Chinese men were paid $25 a month. And they had to pay for their food.

Laying railroad track was very hard. The Chinese men started to work as soon as there was light. They did not stop until it was dark.

Day by day they worked their way toward the high mountains. At Donner Pass, the work became very bad. The mountain was covered with snow. It snowed every day.

The men lived and worked under 40 feet of snow. They cut out holes to get air. Every morning they cut a road in the snow to get to the workplace. Many died that terrible winter.

And the work became still worse later that year. At the top of a mountain Soo was put into a basket. The basket was sent down on a rope along the side of the mountain. From inside the basket Soo drilled holes into the solid rock. He put gunpowder into the holes. He lit the powder. Then he pulled himself up as fast as he could. He got out of the way before the rock blew up.

One night the Chinese men were talking. The white men could not understand them.

"This is not fair," said Lu Chin. "We work very hard. We do the worst work. We work more hours. Why don't we get $35 a month? Why don't we get free food?"

"Because we are Chinese," said another man.

"Let's change this!" said Soo Lee. "Let's go on strike! We will stop working. We will ask for $40 a month and food. We will ask for shorter work days. They will give us what we want soon enough!"

The next morning the Chinese workers stayed in their camp. They did not come out to work. "Eight hours a day is good for white men. And the same thing is good for Chinese men," Soo told the head man.

But the head man did not worry about the strike. He used his power against the Chinese workers. He did not allow them to buy any food. There was no other way for them to eat. The strike was over the next day.

From: *For Gold and Blood*, Tana Reiff (Belmont, CA: Fearon Publications, 1989). By permission.

Activity 14

An Act to Execute Certain Treaty Stipulations Relating to Chinese

Whereas, in the opinion of the government of the United States the coming of Chinese laborers to this country endangers the good order of certain localities within the territory thereof; therefore

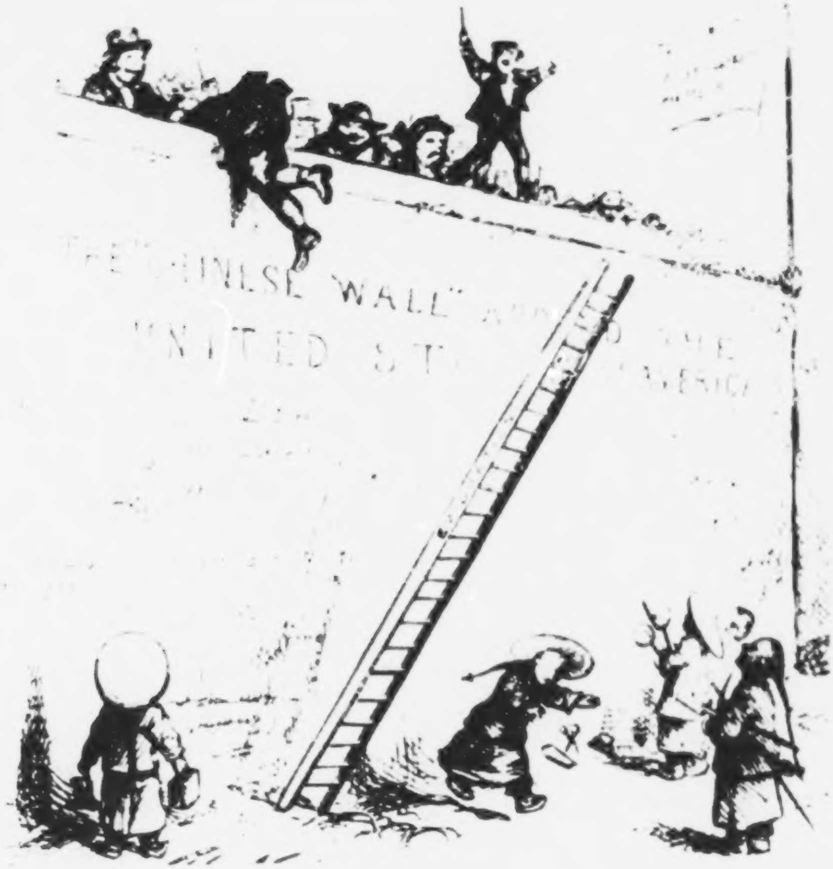
Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, that from and after the expiration of ninety days next after the passage of this act, the coming of Chinese laborers to the United States, be, and the same is hereby, suspended; and during such suspension it shall not be lawful for any Chinese laborer to come, or, having so come after the expiration of said ninety days, to remain within the United States.

Section 11. That any person who shall knowingly aid or abet the same, or aid or abet the landing in the United States from any vessel of any Chinese person not lawfully entitled to enter the United States, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall, on conviction thereof, be fined in a sum not exceeding $1,000, and imprisoned for a term not exceeding one year.

Section 12. That no Chinese person shall be permitted to enter the United States by land without producing to the proper officer of customs the certificate in this act required of Chinese persons seeking to land from a vessel. And any Chinese person found unlawfully within the United States shall be caused to be removed therefrom to the country from whence he came, by direction of the President of the United States, and at the cost of the United States, after being brought before some justice, judge, or commissioner of a court of the United States and found to be one not lawfully entitled to be or remain in the United States.

Section 14. That hereafter no state court or court of the United States shall admit Chinese to citizenship; and all laws in conflict with this act are hereby repealed.

"Throwing Down the Ladder by Which They Rose"


THE CHINESE WALL
UNITED ST

Cartoon by Thomas Nast, 1870.

The "Quota" Act, 1921-22

Sec. 2. (a) That the number of aliens of any nationality who may be admitted under the immigration laws to the United States in any fiscal year shall be limited to 3 per centum of the number of foreign-born persons of such nationality resident in the United States as determined by the United States census of 1910. . . . [Certain classes of aliens are not counted against the quotas, e.g., government officials, aliens in continuous transit, alien tourists, aliens who have resided continuously for at least five years immediately preceding the time of their application for admission to the United States in Canada, Cuba, or Central and South America, and aliens under eighteen who are the children of American citizens.]

(b) For the purposes of this Act nationality shall be determined by country of birth, treating as separate countries the colonies or dependencies for which separate enumeration was made in the United States census of 1910.

(c) The Secretary of State, the Secretary of Commerce, and the Secretary of Labor, jointly, shall. . . prepare a statement showing the number of persons of the various nationalities resident in the United States as determined by the United States census of 1910. . . . In case of changes in political boundaries in foreign countries occurring subsequent to 1910 and resulting (1) in the creation of new countries, the Governments of which are recognized by the United States, or (2) in the transfer of territory from one country to another, such transfer being recognized by the United States, such officials, jointly, shall estimate the number of persons resident in the United States in 1910 who were born within the area included in such new countries or in such territory so transferred, and revise the population basis as to each country involved in such change of political boundary. For the purpose of such revision and for the purposes of this Act generally aliens born in the area included in any such new country shall be considered as having been born in such country, and aliens born in any territory so transferred shall be considered as having been born in the country to which such territory was transferred.

(d) When the maximum number of aliens of any nationality who may be admitted in any fiscal year under this Act shall have been admitted all other aliens of such nationality, except as otherwise provided in this Act, who may apply for admission during the same fiscal year shall be excluded: *Provided*, That the number of aliens of any nationality who may be admitted in any month shall not exceed 20 per centum of the total number of aliens of such nationality who are admissible in that fiscal year: *Provided further,* That aliens returning from a temporary visit abroad, aliens who are professional actors, artists, lecturers, singers, nurses, ministers of any religious denomination, professors for colleges or seminaries, aliens belonging to any recognized learned profession, or aliens employed as domestic servants, may, if otherwise admissible, be admitted notwithstanding the maximum number of aliens of the same nationality admissible in the same month or fiscal year, as the case may be, shall have entered the United States; but aliens of the classes included in this proviso who enter the United States before such maximum number shall have entered shall (unless excluded by subdivision [a] from being counted) be counted in reckoning the percentage limits provided in this Act: *Provided further,* That in the enforcement of this Act preference shall be given so far as possible to the wives, parents, brothers, sisters, children under eighteen years of age, and fiancées, (1) of citizens of the United States, (2) of aliens now in the United States who have applied for citizenship in the manner provided by law, or (3) of persons eligible to United States citizenship who served in the military or naval forces of the United States at any time between April 6, 1917, and November 11, 1918, both dates inclusive, and have been separated from such forces under honorable conditions.

Sec. 3. That the Commissioner General of Immigration, with the approval of the Secretary of Labor, shall. . . prescribe rules and regulations necessary to carry the provisions of this Act into effect. He shall. . . publish a statement showing the number of aliens of the various nationalities who may be admitted to the United States between the date this Act becomes effective and the end of the current fiscal year, and on June 30 thereafter he shall publish a statement showing the number of aliens of the various nationalities who may be admitted during the ensuing fiscal year. He shall also publish monthly statements during the time this Act remains in force showing the number of aliens of each nationality already admitted during the then current fiscal year and the number who may be admitted under the provisions of this Act during the remainder of such year. All statements shall be made available for general publication and shall be mailed to all transportation companies bringing aliens to the United States who shall request the same and shall file with the Department of Labor the address to which such statements shall be sent. The Secretary of Labor shall also submit such statements to the Secretary of State.

Sec. 6. That it shall be unlawful for any person, including any transportation company other than railway lines entering the United States from foreign contiguous territory, or the owner, master, agent, or consignee of any vessel, to bring to the United States either from a foreign country or any insular possession of the United States any alien not admissible under the terms of this Act or regulations made thereunder, and if it appears to the satisfaction of the Secretary of Labor that any alien has been so brought, such person or transportation company, or the master, agent, owner, or consignee of any such vessel, shall pay to the collector of customs of the customs district in which the port of arrival is located the sum of $200 for each alien so brought, and in addition a sum equal to that paid by such alien for his transportation from the initial point of departure, indicated in his ticket, to the port of arrival, such latter sum to be delivered by the collector of customs to the alien on whose account assessed. . . . Such fine shall not be remitted or refunded unless it appears to the satisfaction of the Secretary of Labor that such inadmissibility was not known to, and could not have been ascertained by the exercise of reasonable diligence by, such person, or the owner, master, agent, or consignee of the vessel. . . .

Extract from "An Act to Limit the Immigration of Aliens into the United States," approved May 19, 1921, and amended May 11, 1922, chap. 187, 42 U.S. Statutes at Large 540 (67th Congress, 2d session).

Activity 15

A Kiowa Grandmother

by N. Scott Momaday

PART I

A single knoll rises out of the plain in Oklahoma, north and west of the Wichita Range. For my people, the Kiowas, it is an old landmark, and they gave it the name Rainy Mountain. The hardest weather in the world is there. Winter brings blizzards, hot tornadic winds arise in the spring, and in summer the prairie is an anvil's edge. The grass turns brittle and brown, and it cracks beneath your feet. There are green belts along the rivers and creeks, linear groves of hickory and pecan, willow and witch hazel. At a distance in July or August the steaming foliage seems almost to writhe in fire. Great green and yellow grasshoppers are everywhere in the tall grass, popping up like corn to sting the flesh, and tortoises crawl about on the red earth, going nowhere in the plenty of time. Loneliness is an aspect of the land. All things in the plain are isolate; there is no confusion of objects in the eye, but one hill or one tree or one man. To look upon that landscape in the early morning, with the sun at your back, is to lose the sense of proportion. Your imagination comes to life, and this, you think, is where Creation was begun.

I returned to Rainy Mountain in July. My grandmother had died in the spring, and I wanted to be at her grave. She had lived to be very old and at last infirm. Her only living daughter was with her when she died, and I was told that in death her face was that of a child.

I like to think of her as a child. When she was born, the Kiowas were living the last great moment of their history. For more than a hundred years they had controlled the open range from the Smoky Hill River to the Red, from the headwaters of the Canadian to the fork of the Arkansas and Cimarron. In alliance with the Comanches, they had ruled the whole of the southern plains. War was their sacred business, and they were among the finest horsemen the world has ever known. But warfare for the Kiowas was preeminently a matter of disposition rather than of survival, and they never understood the grim, unrelenting advance of the U.S. Cavalry. When at last, divided and ill-provisioned, they were driven onto the Staked Plains in the cold rains of autumn, they fell into panic. In Palo Duro Canyon they abandoned their crucial stores to pillage and had nothing then but their lives. In order to save themselves, they surrendered to the soldiers at Fort Sill and were imprisoned in the old stone corral that now stands as a military museum. My grandmother was spared the humiliation of those high gray walls by eight or ten years, but she must have known from birth the affliction of defeat, the dark brooding of old warriors.

Her name was Aho, and she belonged to the last culture to evolve in North America. Her forebears came down from the high country in western Montana nearly three centuries ago. They were a mountain people, a mysterious tribe of hunters whose language has never been positively classified in any major group. In the late seventeenth century they began a long migration to the south and east. It was a journey toward the dawn, and it led to a golden age. Along the way the Kiowas were befriended by the Crows, who gave them the culture and religion of the Plains. They acquired horses, and their ancient nomadic spirit was suddenly free of the ground. They acquired Tai-me, the sacred Sun Dance doll, from that moment the object and symbol of their worship, and so shared in the divinity of the sun. Not least, they acquired the sense of destiny, therefore courage and pride. When they entered upon the southern Plains they had been transformed. No longer were they slaves to the simple necessity of survival; they were a lordly and dangerous society of fighters and thieves, hunters and priests of the sun. According to their origin myth, they entered the world through a hollow log. From one point of view, their migration was the fruit of an old prophecy, for indeed they emerged from a sunless world.

Although my grandmother lived out her long life in the shadow of Rainy Mountain, the immense landscape of the continental interior lay like memory in her blood. She could tell of the Crows, whom she had never seen, and the Black Hills, where she had never been. I wanted to see in reality what she had seen more perfectly in the mind's eye, and traveled fifteen hundred miles to begin my pilgrimage.

Yellowstone, it seemed to me, was the top of the world, a region of deep lakes and dark timber, canyons and waterfalls. But, beautiful as it is, one might have the sense of confinement there. The skyline in all directions is close at hand, the high wall of the woods and deep cleavages of shade. There is a perfect freedom in the mountains, but it belongs to the eagle and the elk, the badger and the bear. The Kiowas reckoned their stature by the distance they could see, and they were bent and blind in the wilderness.

Descending eastward, the highland meadows are a stairway to the plain. In July the inland slope of the Rockies is luxuriant with flax and buckwheat, stonecrop and larkspur. The earth unfolds and the limit of the land recedes. Clusters of trees, and animals grazing far in the distance, cause the vision to reach away and wonder to build upon the mind. The sun follows a longer course in the day, and the sky is immense beyond all comparison. The great billowing clouds that sail upon it are shadows that move upon the grain like water, dividing light. Farther down, in the land of the Crows and Blackfeet, the plain is yellow. Sweet clover takes hold of the hills and bends upon itself to cover and seal the soil. There the Kiowas paused on their way; they had come to the place where they must change their lives. The sun is at home on the plains. Precisely there does it have the certain character of a god. When the Kiowas came to the land of the Crows, they could see the dark lees of the hills at dawn across the Bighorn River, the profusion of light on the grain shelves, the oldest deity ranging after the solstices. Not yet would they veer southward to the caldron of the land that lay below; they must wean their blood from the northern winter and hold the mountains a while longer in their view. They bore Tai-me in procession to the east.

First published in *The Reporter*, January 26, 1967. Reprinted in *The Way to Rainy Mountain*, by N. Scott Momaday (Albuquerque, NM: University of New Mexico Press, 1968).

Activity 16

A Kiowa Grandmother
by N. Scott Momaday

PART II

A dark mist lay over the Black Hills, and the land was like iron. At the top of a ridge I caught sight of Devil's Tower upthrust against the gray sky as if in the birth of time the core of the earth had broken through its crust and the motion of the world was begun. There are things in nature that engender an awful quiet in the heart of man; Devil's Tower is one of them. Two centuries ago, because they could not do otherwise, the Kiowas made a legend at the base of the rock. My grandmother said:

> Eight children were there at play, seven sisters and their brother. Suddenly the boy was struck dumb; he trembled and began to run upon his hands and feet. His fingers became claws, and his body was covered with fur. Directly there was a bear where the boy had been. The sisters were terrified; they ran, and the bear after them. They came to the stump of a great tree, and the tree spoke to them. It bade them climb upon it, and as they did so it began to rise into the air. The bear came to kill them, but they were just beyond its reach. It reared against the tree and scored the bark all around with its claws. The seven sisters were borne into the sky, and they became the stars of the Big Dipper.

From that moment, and so long as the legend lives, the Kiowas have kinsmen in the night sky. Whatever they were in the mountains, they could be no more. However tenuous their well-being, however much they had suffered and would suffer again, they had found a way out of the wilderness.

My grandmother had a reverence for the sun, a holy regard that now is all but gone out of mankind. There was a wariness in her, and an ancient awe. She was a Christian in her later years, but she had come a long way about, and she never forgot her birthright. As a child she had been to the Sun Dances; she had taken part in those annual rites, and by then she had learned the restoration of her people in the presence of Tai-me. She was about seven when the last Kiowa Sun Dance was held in 1887 on the Washita River above Rainy Mountain Creek. The buffalo were gone. In order to consummate the ancient sacrifice—to impale the head of a buffalo bull upon the medicine tree—a delegation of old men journeyed into Texas, there to beg and barter for an animal from the Goodnight herd. She was ten when the Kiowas came together for the last time as a living Sun Dance culture. They could find no buffalo; they had to hang an old hide from the sacred tree. Before the dance could begin, a company of soldiers rode out from Fort Sill under orders to disperse the tribe. Forbidden without cause the essential act of their faith, having seen the wild herds slaughtered and left to rot upon the ground, the Kiowas backed away forever from the medicine tree. That was July 20, 1890, at the great bend of the Washita. My grandmother was there. Without bitterness, and for as long as she lived, she bore a vision of deicide.[1]

Now that I can have her only in memory, I see my grandmother in the several postures that were peculiar to her: standing at the wood stove on a winter morning and turning meat in a great iron skillet; sitting at the south window, bent above her beadwork, and afterwards, when her vision failed, looking down for a long time into the fold of her hands; going out upon a cane, very slowly as she did when the weight of age came upon her; praying. I remember her most often at prayer. She made long, rambling prayers out of suffering and hope, having seen many things. I was never sure that I had the right to hear, so exclusive were they of all mere custom and company. The last time I saw her she prayed standing by the side of her bed at night, the light of a kerosene lamp moving upon her dark skin. Her long, black hair, always drawn and braided in the day, lay upon her shoulders like a shawl. I do not speak Kiowa, and I never understood her prayers, but there was something inherently sad in the sound, some merest hesitation upon the syllables of sorrow. She began in a high and descending pitch, exhausting her breath to silence; then again and again—and always the same intensity of effort, of something that is, and is not, like urgency in the human voice. Transported so in the dancing light among the shadows of her room, she seemed beyond the reach of time. But that was illusion; I think I knew then that I should not see her again.

Houses are like sentinels in the plain, old keepers of the weather watch. There, in a very little while, wood takes on the appearance of great age. All colors wear soon away in the wind and rain, and then the wood is burned gray and the grain appears and the nails turn red with rust. The windowpanes are black and opaque; you imagine there is nothing within, and indeed there are many ghosts, bones given up to the land. They stand here and there against the sky, and you approach them for a longer time than you expect. They belong in the distance; it is their domain.

Once there was a lot of sound in my grandmother's house, a lot of coming and going, feasting and talk. The summers there were full of excitement and reunion. The Kiowas are a summer people; they abide the cold and keep to themselves, but when the season turns and the land becomes warm and vital they cannot hold still; an old love of going returns upon them. The aged visitors who came to my grandmother's house when I was a child were made of lean and leather, and they bore themselves upright. They wore great black hats and bright ample shirts that shook in the wind. They rubbed fat upon their hair and wound their braids with strips of colored cloth. Some of them painted their faces and carried the scars of old and cherished enmities. They were an old council of warlords, come to remind and be reminded of who they were. Their wives and daughters served them well. The women might indulge themselves; gossip was at once the mark and compensation of their servitude. They made loud and elaborate talk among themselves, full of jest and gesture, fright and false alarm. They went abroad in fringed and flowered shawls, bright beadwork and German silver. They were at home in the kitchen, and they prepared meals that were banquets.

There were frequent prayer meetings, and great nocturnal feasts. When I was a child I played with my cousins outside, where the lamplight fell upon the ground and the singing of the old people rose up around us and carried away into the darkness. There were a lot of good things to eat, a lot of laughter and surprise. And afterwards, when the quiet returned, I lay down with my grandmother and could hear the frogs away by the river and feel the motion of the air.

Now there is a funeral silence in the rooms, the endless wake of some final word. The walls have closed in upon my grandmother's house. When I returned to it in mourning, I saw for the first time in my life how small it was. It was late at night, and there was a white moon, nearly full. I sat for a long time on the stone steps by the kitchen door. From there I could see out across the land; I could see the long row of trees by the creek, the low light upon the rolling plains, and the stars of the Big Dipper. Once I looked at the moon and caught sight of a strange thing. A cricket had perched upon the handrail, only a few inches away from me. My line of vision was such that the creature filled the moon like a fossil. It had gone there, I thought, to live and die, for there, of all places, was its small definition made whole and eternal. A warm wind rose up and purled like the longing within me.

The next morning I awoke at dawn and went out on the dirt road to Rainy Mountain. It was already hot, and the grasshoppers began to fill the air. Still, it was early in the morning, and the birds sang out of the shadows. The long yellow grass on the mountain shone in the bright light, and a scissortail hied above the land. There, where it ought to be, at the end of a long and legendary way, was my grandmother's grave. Here and there on the dark stones were ancestral names. Looking back once, I saw the mountain and came away.

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[1] **deicide** (day ih side): the killing of a god; in effect, the death of a religion.

First published in *The Reporter*, January 26, 1967. Reprinted in *The Way to Rainy Mountain*, by N. Scott Momaday (Albuquerque, NM: University of New Mexico: Press, 1968).

Activity 17

Lamentations of Estranged Wives
No. 52

Pressing poverty led to desperation;
And Husband took off to Gold Mountain.
It's been three years, or is it five, and I haven't seen him come home.
Many times I write and ask the geese to deliver my letters to him:
O, far away from home.
Pity the mandarin ducks torn apart by separation.
How can I get you back to cheer me up?
Just come home, rich or poor, I simply don't care anymore!

Nostalgic Blues
No. 75

Who could have guessed the sojourn would last so long?
Had I known, I wouldn't have come at all.
Separated by many mountains and vast seas.
I have forsaken wife and children to seek my fortune.
Heart bleeds in pain.
A sojourner thousands of miles from home.
Time passes ever so quickly, but a reunion is so hard to come by;
I just don't know when I can start my homebound journey.

From *Songs of Gold Mountain*, by Marlon K. Hom (Berkeley, CA: University of California, 1987).

Activity 18

I, Too

by Langston Hughes

I, too, sing America.

I am the darker brother.
They send me to eat in the kitchen
When company comes,
But I laugh,
And eat well,
And grow strong.

Tomorrow,
I'll be at the table
When company comes.
Nobody'll dare
Say to me,
"Eat in the kitchen,"
Then.

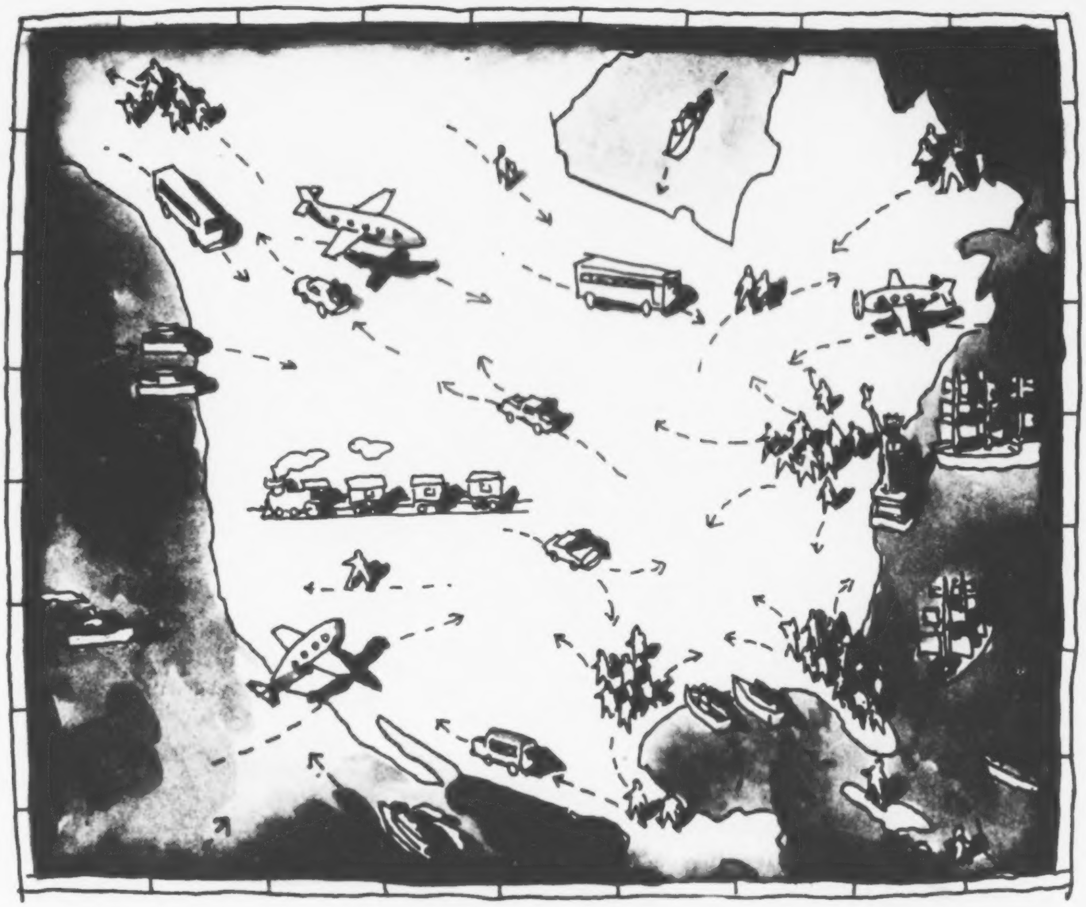
Besides,
They'll see how beautiful I am
and be ashamed —

I, too, am America.

From *The Dream Keeper and Other Poems*, by Langston Hughes. Copyright 1932 by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., and renewed 1960 by Langston Hughes.

GRADE LEVEL 8

Movements of People



Activities

Activity 1

Reading Letters from Turn-of-the-Century Immigrants *Hungry Hearts* and "Nostalgic Blues No. 76"

MATERIALS

- copies of letter by Gedalyeh Mindel, from *Hungry Hearts*, by Anzia Yezierska (1920; reprinted by Persea Books, New York, 1985).
- copies of letter by a turn-of-the-century Chinese immigrant, "Nostalgic Blues No. 76," from *Songs of Gold Mountain*, by Marlon K. Hom (Berkeley, CA: University of California Press, 1987), for follow-up.

PERFORMANCE OBJECTIVES

Students will be able to:

- understand why a Russian man came to the United States.
- recognize that letters are historic documents.
- understand the theme of Movements of People.

MAJOR IDEAS

- Reading letters helps us to understand the reasons for immigration to the United States.
- Historic documents provide us with information about life in other times.
- Studying the experiences of people of other backgrounds allows us to appreciate and identify with them.

MOTIVATION

- Relate to students' experiences.
  - — People from countries all over the world have immigrated to the United States.
  - — Think of someone who came from another country.
  - — Why did they come here?
- Introduce the activity.
  - — Today we will read a letter written by a man who came to the United States from Russia.

DEVELOPMENT

- Present new vocabulary/concepts in context. Possibilities include: ruble, czar.
- Distribute copies of the letter by Gedalyeh Mindel.
- Set purpose for letter to be read aloud.
  - How does the writer feel about America?
  - Why did the author write this letter?
  - What do we learn about his family?
  - What was life like in the village of Sukovoly at the turn of the century?
  - What was life like in New York City for a recent immigrant at that time?
  - How has reading this letter helped us to learn about life at the turn of the century?

SUMMARY

- Direct students to work in groups to discuss the following:
  - How did life in America compare with life in Russia at the turn of the century?
  - What are the reasons that people from other countries immigrated to the United States?
  - What are some experiences that are shared by all immigrants?
  - What types of information can we gain from documents?
- Call all the groups together and ask them about their findings.

ASSIGNMENT

- Write a letter to someone in another country or another part of the United States describing life in New York City.

FOLLOW-UP

- Allow students an opportunity to share their letters.
- Distribute and read the letter from the Chinese immigrant and ask students to compare the author's feelings with those of Gedalyeh Mindel.
- Provide students with an opportunity to see Jacob Riis's photographs of immigrant life in New York.
- Discuss the similarities and differences of the experiences of immigrants from other countries and people who were forced to migrate within the United States, e.g. Native Americans, African-Americans. Students should research these experiences and share information in oral presentations.

Activity 2

Reading an Oral History — *Maggie's American Dream*

MATERIALS

- copies of oral history, *Maggie's American Dream,* by James P. Comer (New York: New American Library, 1988).

PERFORMANCE OBJECTIVES

Students will be able to:

- understand the reasons why people migrate.
- recognize that an oral history is a source of information.

MAJOR IDEAS

- Reading nonfiction provides an opportunity to evaluate human behavior.
- Reading oral history provides insights into historical movements.

MOTIVATION

- Relate to students' experiences.
    - — What do you do when a situation is not what you expect?
    - — What conditions might prevent you from changing the situation completely?
    - — What personal qualities do you need in order for your plan to succeed?
- Introduce the activity.
    - — Today we will read an excerpt from an oral history in which a woman, Maggie Comer, relates how she changed her circumstances and improved her life.

DEVELOPMENT

- Present new vocabulary/concepts in context. Possibilities include: migrate, suburb, verify.
- Distribute copies of excerpt from *Maggie's American Dream*, by James P. Comer.
- Set purpose for silent reading.
    - — What role did education play in improving Maggie's life?

- Provide an opportunity for students to answer the purpose-setting question. Develop comprehension through further questioning. Some suggestions are:
    - — What circumstances made life difficult for Maggie and her family?
    - — How did the members of the family intend to better their lives?
    - — What lessons did Maggie learn while she was growing up?
    - — How was Maggie's life different after she migrated to East Chicago?
    - — What principle provided Maggie with direction and hope?
    - — How were Maggie and Hugh Comer alike?
- Provide an opportunity for students to evaluate the validity of an oral history.
    - — From whose point of view is this account related?
    - — What did we learn about living conditions during Maggie's youth?
    - — How did Maggie feel about her early life?
    - — Why do you think she chose to relate these incidents and not others?
    - — Of what should a person be aware when reading a first-person account?

SUMMARY

- Direct students to work in groups to discuss the following:
    - — Why was Maggie able to rise above circumstances?
    - — What would Maggie's life have been like had she not migrated?
    - — How should a person evaluate nonfiction writing?
- Provide time for group reporting.

ASSIGNMENT

- Express in writing what you believe Maggie's advice would be to a student today.

FOLLOW-UP

- Direct students to read the autobiography *Maggie's American Dream,* by James P. Comer.

Activity 3

Reading a Short Story — "The English Lesson" (Part I)

MATERIALS

- copies of "The English Lesson," by Nicholasa Mohr (Part I), from *In Nueva York* (Houston, TX: Arte Publico Press, University of Houston, 1977).

PERFORMANCE OBJECTIVES

Students will be able to:

- appreciate the difficulties of newcomers to New York City who do not speak English.
- recognize how personal narrative affects the believability of a story.

MAJOR IDEAS

- Reading about characters in literature provides us with an understanding of the problems encountered by newcomers to the United States.
- Personal narrative enhances the credibility of stories.

MOTIVATION

- Relate lesson to students' experiences.
  - — Imagine you were to move to another country where English is not spoken. What problems might you encounter? What might you do to learn the language of that country?
  - — Do you know anyone who came to the United States and did not speak English? How did they learn English?
- Introduce the activity.
  - — Today we will read a short story about two young Puerto Ricans who are learning English.

DEVELOPMENT

- Present new vocabulary/concepts in context. Possibilities include: registration, aliens, extremities, idiomatic, conventional.
- Distribute copies of the story "The English Lesson," by Nicholasa Mohr (Part I).
- Direct students to read it silently and answer the following question:
  - — Why did Lali and William want to learn English?

- Develop comprehension by discussing the purpose-setting question and by providing additional questions such as:
  - — Why didn't Rudi want Lali to go to class?
  - — What were each of the students' reasons for coming to the United States?
  - — Why didn't Diego Torres want to become a citizen?
  - — Why didn't anyone stay after class?
  - — What type of person was Mrs. Hamma?
- Lead students to an awareness that the use of narrative point of view affects the believability of a story.
  - — What do we call someone who tells a story? (Elicit: The narrator.)
  - — Who is the narrator in "The English Lesson"? (Elicit: Someone outside the story.)
  - — This is called third-person narrative.
- Introduce the term *first-person narrative.*
  - — Who told each of the students' stories? (Elicit: They told the stories themselves.)
  - — When a story is revealed by one of the characters it is called first-person narrative. An example is, "My name is William Horacio Colon... I have been here in New York City for five months."
- Develop an understanding of why an author would incorporate first-person narrative within a story.
  - — Why did the author choose to have each student tell his/her own story?
  - — How did their descriptions make their stories more real?
  - — How did their speech make their stories more real? Cite examples from the text.

SUMMARY

- Direct students to work in groups to discuss the following:
  - — What experiences do all newcomers to New York City have in common?
  - — What experiences are unique to immigrants from different countries?
  - — Why is it important to learn to speak English?
  - — How can the use of first-person narrative help an author to tell a story?
- Call the groups together and ask them about their findings.

ASSIGNMENT

- Direct students to write personal narratives based on a new situation that they have experienced.

Activity 4

Reading a Short Story —"The English Lesson" (Part II)

MATERIALS

- copies of "The English Lesson," by Nicholasa Mohr (Part II), from *In Nueva York* (Houston, TX: Arte Publico Press, University of Houston, 1977).

PERFORMANCE OBJECTIVES

Students will be able to:

- understand the difficulties encountered by Puerto Ricans in New York City.
- identify the elements of a short story.

MAJOR IDEAS

- Reading allows us to recognize the common struggles that people face in trying to succeed.
- Reading short stories leads to an understanding of the elements of that literary form.

MOTIVATION

- Relate to students' experiences.
  - — Imagine you had to work during the day and go to school at night. Why might this be difficult?
  - — What problems might you have?
- Introduce the activity.
  - — Today we will read about how the students in the English class progressed.

DEVELOPMENT

- Present new vocabulary/concepts in context. Possibilities include: valiant, momentarily, exasperation, caliber.
- Distribute copies of the story "The English Lesson," by Nicholasa Mohr (Part II).
- Direct students to read the rest of the story and answer the following question:
  - — How did Lali and William feel about the classes?

- Develop comprehension by discussing the purpose-setting question and by asking additional questions such as:
  - — How did Lali's life change after her marriage?
  - — How did Lali feel about William?
  - — What type of person was William?
  - — What did Lali and William have in common? How were they different?
  - — Why did Rudi ask someone to cover for Lali and William?
  - — How did the students feel about Mrs. Hamma?
  - — Why were William and Lali upset at the last class?
  - — Why did Diego and Aldo argue?
  - — Did the students succeed in the English class? Explain.
- Lead students to an awareness of the elements of a *short story.*
  - — Where does the story take place?
  - — When does it occur?
  - — How would the story have been different if Lali were starting elementary school?
- Introduce the term *setting.*
  - — The setting is where and when a story takes place.
- Lead students to understand the use of characters.
  - — How do we learn about the events in a story?
  - — Who provides the action in a story?
- Introduce the term *characters.*
  - — The people in a story are called characters.
- Lead students to an awareness that stories are usually a series of related events.
  - — How are the experiences of all the students similar?
- Introduce the term *plot.*
  - — The sequence of related events in a story is called the plot.

SUMMARY

- Direct students to work in groups to discuss the following:
  - — Why is it important to understand the background of people from other countries?
  - — What problems do people face when moving to a new country?
  - — What would enable someone to succeed in a new country?
  - — What are the elements of a short story?

- Call all the groups together and ask them about their findings.

ASSIGNMENT

- Direct students to confer about, revise, and edit the personal narratives written as a result of the previous lesson's assignment.

FOLLOW-UP

- Allow time for students to complete and share their personal narratives.
- Have students read *The Education of Hyman Kaplan*, by Leonard Ross (Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press, 1968).
- Have students read other stories by Nicholasa Mohr.

Activity 5

Reading a Biographical Sketch — "Lue Gim Gong, Horticulturist"

MATERIALS

- copies of "Lue Gim Gong, Horticulturist," from *Chinese American Portraits,* by Ruthanne Lum McCunn (San Francisco: Chronicle Books, 1988).

PERFORMANCE OBJECTIVES

Students will be able to:

- appreciate the contributions of Lue Gim Gong.
- understand the elements of a biographical sketch.

MAJOR IDEAS

- Reading leads to an awareness of the contributions of Chinese immigrants.
- Reading biographical sketches leads to an appreciation of the lives of others.

MOTIVATION

- Relate to students' experiences.
  - — How are new fruits or vegetables developed?
  - — Why would a horticulturist want to develop new kinds of crops?
- Introduce the activity.
  - — Today we will read a biographical sketch about a horticulturist named Lue Gim Gong, a Chinese-American who revolutionized the orange industry in Florida.

DEVELOPMENT

- Present new vocabulary/concepts in context. Possibilities include: horticulturist, staunch, graft, queue, propagated.
- Distribute copies of the biographical sketch "Lue Gim Gong, Horticulturist," by Ruthanne Lum McCunn.
- Set purpose for reading by asking the following:
  - — Why is Lue Gim Gong remembered?
- Provide an opportunity for students to answer the purpose-setting question. Develop comprehension through further questioning. Possibilities include:
  - — How did his background prepare him for a career in horticulture?

  - What effect did his products have on the fruit industry?
  - What qualities did Lue Gim Gong have that led to his success?
  - How did his neighbors feel about Lue's financial situation?
  - How was Lue treated by other growers?
  - What role did racism play in their treatment of him?
  - How did the editor of the *Florida Gazette* react to Lue's letter?
  - What factors did he feel led to Lue's problem?
  - How would you describe the type of life Lue Gim Gong led?
- Lead students to an awareness that this is a *biographical sketch.*
  - Do you think this is a true story? Why/Why not?
  - If you were asked to list the important events in Lue Gim Gong's life, which would you include?
  - Has the writer included every detail about his life? Why/Why not?
  - What else would you like to know about his life?

SUMMARY

- Direct students to work in groups to discuss the following:
  - Would Lue Gim Gong's life have been different if he lived in our time? Explain.
  - What role did discrimination play in Lue's life? Explain.
  - How did Lue's determination make him a success? What else, besides determination, is needed to be a success?
  - What other immigrant peoples encountered problems similar to Lue's? Explain.
- Call all the groups together and ask them about their findings.

ASSIGNMENT

- Direct students to write a biographical sketch based on their own lives.

FOLLOW-UP

- Students may do research on and write reports about other Chinese-Americans.
- Students may read other biographical sketches in *Chinese American Portraits*, by Ruthanne Lum McCunn.
- Students may do research on and present oral reports about immigrants.

Activity 6

Reading a Poem — "The Negro Speaks of Rivers"

MATERIALS

- copies of the poem "The Negro Speaks of Rivers," by Langston Hughes
- copies of the poem "Dreams," by Langston Hughes (for assignment)

Both poems are from *The Dream Keeper and Other Poems,* by Langston Hughes (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1932).

OBJECTIVES

Students will be able to:

- recognize the roots of African-Americans.
- understand the poet's use of figurative language.

MAJOR IDEAS

- Reading poetry can provide information about a people's history.
- Figurative language enhances the poet's message.

MOTIVATION

- Relate to students' prior experiences.
  - What do we know about Langston Hughes?
  - What type of poems did he write? (Elicit: Chronicles of history, interpretations of African-American life, blues, and jazz.)
- Introduce the activity.
  - Today we will consider how Langston Hughes relates the age of the earth to the origin of his people in his poem "The Negro Speaks of Rivers."

DEVELOPMENT

- Present new vocabulary/concepts in context. Possibilities include: lulled, bosom.
- Distribute copies of the poem "The Negro Speaks of Rivers," by Langston Hughes.
- Set purpose for listening by asking students to answer the following:
  - What rivers has the poet known?
- Read poem aloud twice.

- Provide an opportunity to discuss the purpose-setting question. Additional questions may include:
  - — Why does the poet suggest that rivers reflect Black history?
  - — What significance does each of these rivers have? (Elicit: Each of these rivers represents an early civilization.)
  - — What do the locations of the rivers tell us about the origins of African-Americans? What caused their dispersal?
  - — What does the poet mean by "My soul has grown deep like the rivers"?
  - — What is the poet's message?
- Lead students to an understanding of the poet's use of *figurative language*.
  - — What poetic device is the poet using in the line "My soul has grown deep like the rivers"?
  - — When a poet uses a comparison with "like" or "as," the poet is using a *simile.*
- Lead students to an understanding of *metaphor*.
  - — What is the metaphor in this poem?
  - — What does the line, "I've known rivers ancient as the world and older than the flow of human blood in human veins" mean?
  - — When a poet compares two or more things that are basically different he/she is using *metaphor.*
- Lead students to an understanding of *personification.*
  - — What does the poet mean by "the muddy bosom" of the Mississippi?
  - — When a comparison is made giving human qualities to non-human objects it is called *personification.*

SUMMARY

- Direct students to work in groups to discuss the following:
  - — What did we learn about African-American history from this poem?
  - — Why is it important to know about the roots of a people or a culture?
  - — How does the poet use figurative language to enhance the meaning of the poem?
  - — What types of figurative language does the poet use?
- Call the groups together and ask them about their findings.

ASSIGNMENT

- Distribute copies of the poem "Dreams," by Langston Hughes, and direct students to analyze and memorize it.

FOLLOW-UP

- Allow students to develop a choral speaking activity for the poem "Dreams."
- Select other poems for the class to study from *The Collection of Negro Poetry,* by Langston Hughes and Arna Bontemps.
- Direct students to research the significance of the rivers mentioned in the poem (Euphrates, Congo, Nile, Mississippi) in the history of the African-American people. Information collected could be used to develop a time line superimposed on a world map indicating paths of dispersal.

Activity 7

Reading a Speech — "My Heart Feels Like Bursting"

MATERIALS

- copies of speech by Satanta.

PERFORMANCE OBJECTIVES

Students will be able to:

- understand the Native American's reactions to resettlement.
- recognize that speeches are historic sources.

MAJOR IDEAS

- Speeches can lead us to an understanding of historical events, e.g., the resettlement of the Native Americans.
- Listening to speeches provides insight into human beliefs and values.

MOTIVATION

- Recall prior learning.
  - — What were some of the reasons for immigrating to the United States?
  - — How did early European immigration affect the movement of Native Americans?
- Introduce the activity.
  - — Today, we will listen to a speech written by Satanta, a Chief of the Kiowas. He speaks about a treaty that limited where his tribe could live and hunt.

DEVELOPMENT

- Present new vocabulary/concepts in context. Possibilities include: commissioners, Great Father (President Andrew Johnson), medicine lodges (schools and churches).
- Distribute copies of the speech to be read aloud.
- Set purpose for speech to be read aloud.
  - — What was the commissioners' plan for the Native Americans?
- Provide an opportunity for students to answer the purpose-setting question. Develop comprehension through further questioning. Some suggestions are:
  - — What is Satanta's message to the commissioners?

  - Why doesn't he trust the government?
  - How would life on a reservation conflict with Satanta's ideals?
- Direct students to analyze the qualities of a successful speech.
  - Why was Satanta called the "Orator of the Plains"?
  - How do you think the commissioners reacted to Satanta's speech? Explain.
  - What did the speaker do to make them feel this way?
  - What theme does Satanta develop throughout the speech?
  - How did Satanta's choice of words enhance the effect of the speech? (Elicit: the effect of certain phrases used, such as "Write it on paper," "I don't want to settle.")

SUMMARY

- Direct students to work in groups to discuss the following:
  - How would Satanta react to the conditions of the Native Americans today?
  - How were Native Americans' experiences similar to and different from those of immigrants?
  - What are the qualities of a good speech?
- Provide time for group sharing.

ASSIGNMENT

- Write a letter to the President (Andrew Johnson) expressing your feelings about Satanta's speech.

FOLLOW-UP

- Provide an opportunity for students to read reactions by other Native Americans such as Chief Joseph and Chief Seattle.

Activity 8

Reading a Newspaper Article — The Triangle Shirtwaist Company Fire

MATERIALS

- copies of the newspaper article "Morgue Filled with Our Casualties," from the *Jewish Daily Forward,* March 26, 1911.
- copies of excerpt from speech by Rose Schneiderman.

Both excerpts may be found in *The Triangle Fire,* by Leon Stein (1962; reprinted by Carroll & Graf, New York, 1985).

PERFORMANCE OBJECTIVES

Students will be able to:

- understand the work problems encountered by immigrants.
- understand how facts are organized in a news report.

MAJOR IDEAS

- Reading provides information about current and past events.
- News stories require that the information included be organized in a particular pattern.

MOTIVATION

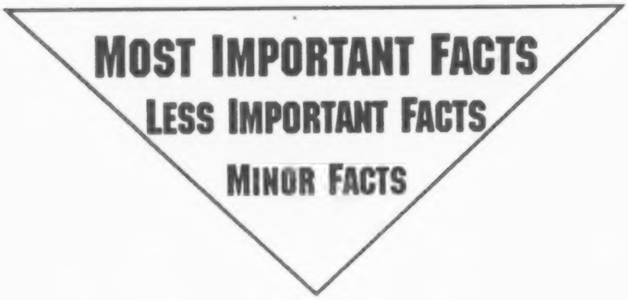
- Relate to students' experiences.
  - — How do our reactions reflect our value of human life?
  - — Today we will read a newspaper account of a disastrous fire which claimed over 140 lives. The victims were mostly immigrants who were forced to work under terrible conditions.

DEVELOPMENT

- Present new vocabulary/concepts in context. Possibilities include: morgue, forlorn, untimely.
- Distribute copies of the newspaper account of the Triangle Shirtwaist Company fire.
- Set purpose for silent reading by directing the students to answer the following:
  - — Why did the fire cause so many casualties?

- Provide an opportunity for students to answer the purpose-setting question. Develop comprehension through further questioning. Some suggestions are:
  - — Why was there so much confusion during the fire?
  - — What made the scene particularly cruel to the firemen?
  - — What do you think the public reaction was to the fire?
  - — Why do you think the immigrants put up with such conditions?
- Distribute copies of the speech by the union organizer, Rose Schneiderman. Inform the students that this speech was given at a protest rally in remembrance of the victims. Direct the students to read the speech, setting the purpose for reading by asking the students to answer the following:
  - — What was Rose Schneiderman's reaction to the fire?
- After discussing the purpose-setting question, provide additional questions such as:
  - — According to Rose Schneiderman, how were the workers treated?
  - — What was her reaction to the public officials?
  - — What did she see as one solution to improving the lives of the workers?
- Lead students to an understanding of the information that is included in a news report.
  - — What types of questions are usually answered by information in a news article? (Elicit: Who?, What?, When?, Where?, Why?, and How?)
  - — Why should this information be included?
- Lead students to an understanding of how the information in a report is organized.
  - — Which are the most important facts in the report?
  - — Where are the most important facts found in the report? (Elicit: At the beginning.)
  - — Which are the less important facts in the report?
  - — Where are they found in the report?
  - — Which are the minor facts?
  - — Where are they found?
  - — What shape might be used to show how facts in a news report are arranged? (Elicit: Inverted pyramid.)

- Illustrate on the chalkboard:



SUMMARY

- Direct students to work in groups to discuss the following:
  - — What were some of the working conditions of the immigrants?
  - — How do the working conditions of today's immigrants compare with those discussed in the article?
  - — How did this tragedy affect the union's growth?
  - — Why are news reports organized in a particular order?
- Call all the groups together and ask them about their findings.

ASSIGNMENT

- Direct students to write a speech on an issue about which they feel strongly.

FOLLOW-UP

- Provide an opportunity for students to share their speeches with the class.
- Provide an opportunity for students to do research on and debate the following question:
  - — Did unions improve the lives of immigrants?

Activity 9

Reading an Essay on Turn-of the-Century Immigrant Children — "At Play"

MATERIALS

- copies of the essay "At Play," from *Immigrant Kids,* by Russell Freedman (New York: E.P. Dutton, 1980).

PERFORMANCE OBJECTIVES

Students will be able to:

- appreciate some of the games turn-of the-century immigrant children played.
- recognize how a personal reminiscence may be used to write an essay.

MAJOR IDEAS

- Reading develops an appreciation of amusements enjoyed by various groups of people.
- Reading leads to an understanding of ourselves and others.
- Personal experience is the basis for written expression.

MOTIVATION

- Relate to students' experiences.
  - — What are street games?
  - — What are some of the games you see played?
  - — What are some of the reasons why people enjoy games?
- Introduce the activity.
  - — Today we will read an essay on the types of games and pastimes turn-of-the-century immigrant children enjoyed.

DEVELOPMENT

- Present new vocabulary/concepts in context. Possibilities include: soapbox orators, itinerant peddlers, accomplice.
- Distribute copies of the essay "At Play" by Russell Freedman.
- Set purpose for reading by asking students to read the essay silently and answer the following:
  - — What kinds of games did these immigrant children play?

- Provide an opportunity for students to answer the purpose-setting question. Develop comprehension through further questioning. Possible questions include:
  - — What determined the types of games the children played?
  - — What made the games appealing to immigrant children?
  - — How did the make-up of the games reflect the social order at that time?
  - — How else did the children amuse themselves?
  - — How did the children differ from the parents in their feeling for America?
- Develop an understanding of how the author used *reminiscences* by several people to add to the truthfulness of the essay.
  - — How does the author make us believe that what he is writing about is accurate? (Elicit: There are several comments by people who grew up during the time he is writing about.)
  - — How do these reflections differ from the author's account?
  - — What effect does this have on the believability of the entire piece?
- Introduce the term *reminiscence.*
  - — When a person or character in a literary work reflects on the past, it is called a *reminiscence.*

SUMMARY

- Direct students to work in groups to discuss the following:
  - — How have street games changed over the years?
  - — How may a reminiscence affect a literary work?

ASSIGNMENT

- Describe in writing your favorite street game. Include the object of the game and the rules to be followed.

FOLLOW-UP

- Have students read other works which include reminiscences of immigrants, such as "I Remember Mama," by John Van Druten.
- Plan a class visit to The Museum of Immigration on Ellis Island.
- Direct students to do research on the origins of other street games.

Activity 10

Reading a Short Story — "Carl Mason"

MATERIALS

- copies of the story "Carl Mason" from *A History of Shadows* by Robert Charles Reinhart (Boston: Alyson Publications, Inc., 1986), p. 91.

PERFORMANCE OBJECTIVES

Students will be able to:

- understand some of the prejudices faced by gay and lesbian people.
- compare and contrast reasons why people migrate/immigrate.

MAJOR IDEAS

- Reading fiction provides insight into human emotions.
- Reading provides an opportunity to evaluate different points of view.

MOTIVATION

- Relate to students' prior experiences.
  - What are the advantages/disadvantages of living in a small town? In a city?
  - Why might someone feel uncomfortable living in a small town?
  - Why might some people feel uncomfortable in their own family?
  - Where might they move? Why?
  - What are some ways people might differ from one another?
- Introduce the activity.
  - Today, we will read a selection about people who moved from small towns to a large city in order to live their lives free of prejudice. The narrator of the story is Carl Mason.

DEVELOPMENT

- Present new vocabulary/concepts in context. Possibilities include: aura, condescending, patronizing, homosexuality, expatriates, inept.
- Distribute copies of the story, "Carl Mason" by Robert Charles Reinhart.
- Direct students to read the story silently and answer the following question:
  - Why did Teddy move to New York?

- Develop comprehension by discussing the purpose-setting question and by asking additional questions such as:
  - — What does Carl Mason mean by "homosexuality created a lot of expatriates?'
  - — What do you think is meant by the phrase "sent to Conventry?'
  - — How does the phrase apply to Teddy?
  - — Pygmalion was a sculptor in Greek mythology who was so skilled that his statues came to life. Why does the author compare Teddy to Pygmalion?
  - — What does the author mean when he says Teddy "belonged to himself?"
- Direct students to recognize an author's point of view.
  - — What do we learn about the author from this selection?
  - — How does he feel about the ways gay and lesbian people were treated?
  - — Why does the author choose to tell Teddy's story?
  - — How do you think Teddy's family's point of view would compare/contrast to the author's?

SUMMARY

- Direct students to work in groups to answer the following:
  - — How did the experience of gay and lesbian people compare/contrast to those of other groups (e.g., peers, family, friends)?
  - — How are the experiences described in this story similar/dissimilar to those of gay and lesbian people today?
  - — How does recognizing a writer's point of view help us understand the story?

ASSIGNMENT

- Direct students to research and report on issues currently affecting gay and lesbian people, such as equal job opportunities, adoption, participation in the military and health benefits.

FOLLOW–UP

- Provide an opportunity for students to report their findings.

Activity 11

Reading a Short Story, Part II — "Of Dry Goods and Black Bow Ties"

MATERIALS

- copies of the story "Of Dry Goods and Black Bow Ties," by Yoshiko Uchida; may be found in the anthology *Understanding Literature* (New York: Macmillan, 1984).

PERFORMANCE OBJECTIVES

Students will be able to:

- appreciate the experiences of Japanese immigrants in America.
- appreciate how the author's use of symbolism enhances meaning.

MAJOR IDEAS

- Reading literature develops an understanding of others.
- Recognizing symbolism in literature leads to a deeper understanding of the author's message.

MOTIVATION

- Relate to students' experiences.
  - — What makes a person successful?
- List responses on the chalkboard.
  - — Think of someone you know who is successful in business.
  - — Why do you think he/she became successful?
- Introduce the activity.
  - — Today we are going to read a short story about two Japanese men who became successful in America.

DEVELOPMENT

- Present new vocabulary/concepts in context. Possibilities include: buffeted, enterprising, futility, expediency, repository, collateral.
- Distribute copies of the story "Of Dry Goods and Black Bow Ties" by Yoshiko Uchida.
- Direct students to read the selection silently and answer the following question:
  - — What motivated Mr. Shimada to start his own business?

- Develop comprehension by discussing the purpose-setting question and by providing additional questions such as:
  - — Who is telling this story?
  - — Why was Mr. Shimada's sewing business such a success?
  - — Why do you suppose Mr. Shimada's customers trusted him with their savings?
  - — How does this help us to understand the kind of man Mr. Shimada was?
  - — In what other business ventures did Mr. Shimada become involved?
  - — Why do you suppose Mr. Shimada hired the author's father, even though he had no experience?
  - — How did the author's father become successful?
  - — What factors led to Mr. Shimada's downfall?
  - — After many years of not communicating, how did Mr. Shimada and the author's father finally meet again?
  - — Why do you suppose the author's father purchased a set of books from Mr. Shimada for one hundred dollars when they were only worth fifty dollars?
  - — What does this tell you about him?
- Develop an understanding of literary symbolism.
  - — What was the significance of the following rule?

    "My employees must at all times wear a clean white shirt and a black bow tie."
  - — What was the significance of the author's father removing his black bow tie?
  - — Why did his children purchase a four-in-hand tie for him?
  - — Sometimes an author helps us to understand a situation by having an object represent an idea as Uchida does in using the black bow tie. What do we call this literary device? (Elicit/introduce the term *symbolism.*)
- Provide a definition for the term *symbolism*.
  - — An author's use of persons, places, events, or objects that have meanings in themselves but suggest other meanings as well is called *symbolism.*

SUMMARY

- Direct students to work in groups to discuss the following:
  - — Why is it important for immigrants to maintain the traditions of their homeland?
  - — How do the traditions of various immigrants enhance American life?
  - — How can recognizing symbolism help us to enjoy and understand a story?
- Call the groups together and ask them about their findings.

ASSIGNMENT

- Direct students to conduct research on and write reports about immigrants who thrived after coming to America. Encourage students to select people from various ethnic groups.

FOLLOW-UP

- Compile reports in a class book entitled *Making It in America.*
- Encourage students to read additional accounts of the immigrant experience.

Activity 12

Narrative Form in Poetry — "My Polish Grandmother"

MATERIALS

- copies of the poem "My Polish Grandmother" by Edward Field, from *A Full Heart* (Riverdale-on-Hudson, NY: Sheep Meadow Press, 1977).

PERFORMANCE OBJECTIVES

Students will be able to:

- recognize the difficulties encountered by a Jewish family in coming to the United States.
- recognize how a poet uses narrative form to tell a story.

MAJOR IDEAS

- Reading provides us with an appreciation of the struggles of immigrant groups.
- Recognizing poetic form heightens appreciation of the writer's craft.

MOTIVATION

- Relate to students' experiences.
  - — Some of the immigrants who came to this country for political reasons were not free to leave their homeland's. They had to escape. Suppose that you were in such a situation. What problems might you encounter? What might be the consequences of your decision to escape?
- Introduce the activity.
  - — Today we will read a poem about a Jewish family's journey to New York from Poland.

DEVELOPMENT

- Present new vocabulary/concepts in context. Possibilities include: whim, hired agent, sentry, ravine, steerage.
- Distribute copies of the poem "My Polish Grandmother," by Edward Field.
- Set purpose for listening by asking the following question:
  - — Why did the family leave Poland?
- Read the poem aloud twice.

- Develop comprehension by discussing the purpose-setting question and by providing additional questions such as:
  - How did the family travel to America?
  - Why did they hire an agent? How did he treat the family?
  - What problems did the Jews have in Poland?
  - What type of person was Grandma? Explain.
  - How did the children act during the trip?
  - How were their lives different in New York?
  - What message is the poet giving in the last stanza?
- Lead students to an awareness of how narrative poetry tells a story.
  - What form did the writer use to tell the story?
  - How is this poem different from other poems you have read? (Elicit: It tells a complete story.)
  - What pictures does the poet create?
  - What is the poet's style of writing? (Elicit: Concise, direct.)
- Introduce the term *narrative poetry.*
  - The form of poetry that tells a complete story is called *narrative poetry.*

SUMMARY

- Direct students to work in groups to discuss the following:
  - How are the experiences of this family similar to those of families who came from other countries? How are they different?
  - Why is it important to learn about the experiences of other immigrant groups?
  - How can narrative poetry be used to tell a story?
- Call the groups together and ask them about their findings.

ASSIGNMENT

- Direct students to write either a narrative poem or a narrative prose piece documenting the life of a senior citizen. If possible, students should interview him/her and include both facts and quotes in their written pieces.

FOLLOW-UP

- Provide opportunities for students to confer about, revise, and edit their pieces.
- Read and compare other accounts of journeys to America.

Activity 13

Reading a Letter — "Grandma Please Don't Come"

MATERIALS

- copies of "Grandma Please Don't Come" by Jesus Colon, from *The Puerto Rican in New York and Other Sketches* (New York: International Publishers, 1982).

PERFORMANCE OBJECTIVES

Students will be able to:

- appreciate the conflicts encountered by Puerto Ricans in New York City.
- recognize an author's point of view.

MAJOR IDEAS

- Reading helps us to understand the feelings of others.
- Reading leads to an appreciation of an author's use of language to present a point of view.

MOTIVATION

- Relate to students' experiences.
  - — Describe the feelings you experience when you move out of familiar surroundings.
  - — How do you think immigrants feel about coming to a new country?
  - — What problems do you think they might encounter?
- Introduce the activity.
  - — Today we will read a letter written by a young man in New York to his grandmother in Puerto Rico. (If necessary, be sure that students understand that Puerto Ricans are United States citizens.)

DEVELOPMENT

- Present new vocabulary/concepts in context. Possibilities include: rivulet, oppression, imperialism, extracted, novelty, quiescent, dignified.
- Distribute copies of "Grandma Please Don't Come," by Jesus Colon.
- Set purpose for reading by asking the following:
  - — How does the author feel about living in New York?

- Allow students to discuss the purpose-setting question. Develop comprehension through further questioning. Some suggestions are:
  - — Why does Grandma want to come to New York?
  - — How will Grandma's life in New York differ from life in Puerto Rico?
  - — What does the author mean by: "Yes, it is nice here in a way"?
  - — How does the author describe the American dream?
- Lead students to an understanding of point of view.
  - — Who wrote the letter?
  - — How does the author try to influence Grandma?
  - — How does the author's choice of words add to the message?
  - — How does the author use punctuation to add impact?
- Introduce the term *point of view.*
  - — When narrators in literary works reveals their own thoughts and feelings, they are giving their own, or first-person, *point of view.*

SUMMARY

- Direct students to work in groups to discuss the following:
  - — Would you ask your grandmother to come to New York?
  - — What do you think Grandma's decision should be? Explain.
  - — Do other groups living in New York share the author's feelings? Explain.
  - — How did reading this letter help you to appreciate your own feelings about life in New York?
  - — How does an author express his or her point of view?
  - — How can we use these techniques in our own writing?
- Call the groups together and ask them about their findings.

ASSIGNMENT

- Write a letter from Grandma's point of view in response to her grandson's letter.

FOLLOW-UP

- Allow students an opportunity to share their letters.
- Discuss how this letter compares with those written by other newcomers to relatives in their native countries.

Activity 14

Listening to Poems — "The Tropics in New York" and Lyrics to "Jamaica Farewell"

MATERIALS

- copies of "The Tropics in New York" by Claude McKay, 1920, in *The Passion of Claude McKay* (New York: Schocken, 1978).
- copies of "Jamaica Farewell" by Irving Burgie, © 1955; renewed 1983, Cherry Lane Music Publishing Co., Inc./Lord Burgess Music Publishing Co. Collected in *The Caribbean Song Book* (New York: Caribe Music Corporation, 1977).

PERFORMANCE OBJECTIVES

Students will be able to:

- appreciate how Jamaican poets reflect on their homeland.
- recognize the poet's use of imagery.
- note the musicality of poetry, which is especially apparent when poems are read aloud.

MAJOR IDEAS

- Listening to poetry leads us to an appreciation of the feelings of others about their native lands.
- Understanding imagery leads to a greater appreciation of a poet's use of language.
- Poetry, like music, is an art that appeals to the ear, and part of the pleasure one takes in a poem is in its sound.

MOTIVATION

- Refer to students' experiences.
  - — Why would a person feel homesick?
  - — What could you do to ease his/her feelings?
- Introduce the activity.
  - — Today we will listen to two poems in which the poets reflect upon Jamaica.

DEVELOPMENT

- Present new vocabulary/concepts in context. Possibilities include: benediction, mystical, parish, rills, ackie.
- Set purpose for listening to the poems by asking the following:
  - — How do the poets feel about Jamaica?
- Read both poems aloud.
- Provide an opportunity for students to answer the purpose-setting question. Develop comprehension through further questioning. Possibilities include:
  - — What causes each of the poets to remember Jamaica?
  - — What feelings do they express about Jamaica?
  - — How are the poets' experiences similar? Different?
  - — Why do you think the poets wrote these poems?
- Lead students to an understanding of the use of *imagery*.
  - — How does Claude McKay create pictures of Jamaica?
  - — To what senses does he appeal?
  - — How does the poet describe himself?
  - — How does Irving Burgie create pictures of Jamaica?
  - — How does the poet describe himself?
  - — What are the differences in the descriptions?
- Provide a definition of *imagery*.
  - — When concrete details that appeal to the senses are used to produce vivid mental images they are called *imagery*.

SUMMARY

- Direct students to work in groups to discuss the following:
  - — How do the experiences of the poets compare with those of other immigrants?
  - — How do sensory descriptions enhance our understanding of the poet's feelings?
- Call the groups together and ask them about their findings.

ASSIGNMENT

- Using sensory details, write a description of a place with which you are familiar.

FOLLOW-UP

- Listen to a recording of "Jamaica Farewell" and discuss how music affects the impact of the lyrics.

Activity 15

Reading an Interview of an Immigrant Who Arrived in America in 1939 — "Riccardo Massoni"

MATERIALS

- copies of the interview "Riccardo Massoni," from *American Mosaic,* by Joan Morrison and Charlotte Fox Zabusky (New York: E.P. Dutton, 1980).

PERFORMANCE OBJECTIVES

Students will be able to:

- appreciate the experiences of an Italian immigrant.
- use inferences to draw conclusions.

MAJOR IDEAS

- Reading interviews develops an appreciation of the accomplishments and contributions of others.
- Reading leads to an ability to draw conclusions from inferences.

MOTIVATION

- Relate to students' experiences:
  - — What are some words that describe someone who strives toward a goal?
  - — Give some examples of people who are like this.
  - — How would the immigrants look upon someone who is ambitious?
- Introduce the activity.
  - — Today we will read an interview with an Italian immigrant in which he describes how he strove to realize his dreams.

DEVELOPMENT

- Present new vocabulary/concepts in context. Possibilities include: accustomed, fascism, degraded.
- Distribute copies of the interview with Riccardo Massoni.
- Set purpose for silent reading by asking the students to answer the following:
  - — What was Riccardo Massoni's goal?
- Provide an opportunity for students to answer the purpose-setting question. Develop comprehension through further questioning. Possibilities include:

- What were some of the problems Riccardo Massoni faced?
- What was his motto?
- How did the words of his motto help to inspire him?
- How did he solve his problems?
- Why was it important for him to order *The New York Times* for his daughter?
- What lessons can be learned from his story?

- Lead students to an understanding that they can learn about a person's character from the way she/he reacts to problems. Direct students to justify their answers by citing the text.
  - How did Riccardo Massoni react to the problems he faced?
  - What did the meeting with the professor demonstrate?
  - What was his attitude while working his way through medical school?
  - What kind of character traits does Riccardo Massoni possess?
- Lead students to an understanding that a conclusion drawn from hints provided by an author is called an *inference.*
  - What is the term used to describe conclusions based on hints provided by the author?
  - How can inference add to our understanding of literary work?

SUMMARY

- Direct students to work in groups to discuss the following:
  - How did Riccardo Massoni face life's problems?
  - Based on his philosophy, how successful do you think Riccardo Massoni was with other projects in his life? Why?
  - What qualities did Riccardo Massoni possess that were similar to those of other successful immigrants about whom we have read?
  - What process does a reader follow to draw conclusions?
- Call the groups together and ask them about their findings.

ASSIGNMENT

- Describe in writing a motto that inspires you.

FOLLOW-UP

- Have students read interviews with other immigrants in *American Mosaic,* by Joan Morrison and Charlotte Fox Zabusky.

Activity 16

Reading an Excerpt from a Novel —*Fifth Chinese Daughter*

MATERIALS

- copies of chapter 14 of *Fifth Chinese Daughter,* by Jade Snow Wong (New York: Harper & Row, 1950).
- copies of the biographical sketch "Jade Snow Wong," from *Women's History* (National Women's History Project, California, 1978), for follow-up.

PERFORMANCE OBJECTIVES

Students will be able to:

- understand the experiences of a young Chinese-American girl who begins to date.
- recognize an author's use of conflict.

MAJOR IDEAS

- Reading allows us to identify with the life experiences of others.
- Understanding an author's use of conflict allows for greater comprehension.

MOTIVATION

- Relate to students' experiences.
  - — If you were interested in dating someone, how would you try to strike up a conversation?
  - — How would you ask her or him for a date? How else would you show that you were interested in that person?
  - — What influence (if any) would your parents have on your decision?
- Introduce the activity.
  - — Today we will read an excerpt from a novel about a Chinese-American teenager's experiences.

DEVELOPMENT

- Present new vocabulary/concepts in context. Possibilities include: revolting, crystallize, bodice, slack, reticent, subsequent, muster, mortarboard.
- Distribute copies of chapter 14 of *Fifth Chinese Daughter,* by Jade Snow Wong.
- Set purpose for silent reading by directing students to answer the following:
  - — How does Jade Snow get to meet a boy?

- Allow students to answer the purpose-setting question. Further develop comprehension through questioning. Some suggestions are:
  - What technique does Joe use to get Jade Snow to pay attention to him?
  - How does Jade Snow show that she is interested in Joe?
  - How does their relationship develop?
  - How do you know their relationship will continue to grow?
- Develop with students an understanding of *conflict.*
  - The struggles that a character faces are called *conflicts.* What are some of the conflicts that Jade Snow faces?
- List answers on chalkboard.
  - What are some of the differences between these conflicts? (Elicit: Some are caused by Jade herself and some by outside events.)
- Introduce the terms *internal conflict* and *external conflict.*
  - When a character struggles against some element of his/her own personality, it is called *internal conflict.*
  - When a character struggles against another character, nature, or society, it is called *external conflict.*

SUMMARY

- Direct students to work in groups to discuss the following:
  - How were the conflicts faced by Jade Snow similar to those of all teenagers? How were they different?
  - How did Jade Snow resolve the conflicts of her experiences growing up in San Francisco's Chinatown?
  - How does reading about other teenagers help to understand our own problems?
  - How did the author use both external and internal conflicts to enhance her story?
- Call the groups together and ask them about their findings.

ASSIGNMENT

- Write a personal narrative describing your experiences of developing your own identity, growing up, or establishing independence.

FOLLOW-UP

- Allow students time to confer about, revise, and edit their personal narratives.
- Distribute, read, and discuss the biographical sketch of Jade Snow. Students should note the influence of her life on her writing.

Activity 17

Reading a Newspaper Article — "A Sun God Prances With Politicians"

MATERIALS

- copies of the article "A Sun God Prances With Politicians," by Josh Barbanel, from *The New York Times*, September 5, 1989.

PERFORMANCE OBJECTIVES

Students will be able to:

- appreciate how West Indian-Americans celebrate their culture.
- appreciate the author's use of descriptive language in a news article.

MAJOR IDEAS

- Reading newspaper articles provides an understanding of various ethnic groups.
- Descriptive writing enables us to form visual images.

MOTIVATION

- Recall prior learnings.
  - What are the characteristics of a newspaper article?
  - How is a news article organized?
  - What questions should a news article answer?
- Introduce the activity.
  - Today we are going to read an article about an annual event that takes place in the West Indian-American community in New York City.

DEVELOPMENT

- Present new vocabulary/concepts in context. Possibilities include: West Indian, diaphanous, battalion, calypso, reggae, entrepreneur, impromptu.
- Distribute copies of the article "A Sun God Prances With Politicians," by Josh Barbanel.
- Direct students to read the article silently and answer the following question:
  - Why is the parade of the West Indian-American Day Carnival called "the most colorful show in town"?

- Develop comprehension by discussing the purpose-setting question and by providing additional questions such as the following:
  - — Where does the West Indian-American Day Parade take place?
  - — How do you know that this is a popular event in the West Indian-American community?
  - — Why do you think the West Indians have this parade?
  - — How did some of the spectators feel about the parade?
  - — What made this Labor Day celebration different from others?
- Lead students to an understanding that the author uses descriptive language to build interest in a news story.
  - — Did the author's report grab your interest? Why?
  - — How does the author make it possible for us to visualize the activities that took place during the parade? (Elicit: Descriptive language.)
  - — What are some examples of the author's use of descriptive language?
- Encourage students to consult the text to support their answers.

SUMMARY

- Direct students to work in groups to discuss the following:
  - — What did you learn about West Indian-Americans from this article?
  - — What other groups in New York City celebrate their heritage with parades?
  - — Why are these parades important to all New Yorkers?
  - — How does descriptive language enhance a newspaper article?
- Call the groups together and ask them about their findings.

ASSIGNMENT

- Direct students to write a newspaper article describing a celebration that they have experienced.

FOLLOW-UP

- Provide an opportunity for students to share their articles.

Activity 18

Reading a Biographical Sketch — "Rita Moreno: Award-Winning Actress"

MATERIALS

- copies of biographical sketch on Rita Moreno from *Hispanic Biographies* (Englewood Cliffs, NJ: Globe, 1989).

PERFORMANCE OBJECTIVES

Students will be able to:

- appreciate the accomplishments of a Puerto Rican entertainer.
- read a biographical sketch for information.

MAJOR IDEAS

- Reading biographical sketches develops an appreciation of the accomplishments of others.
- Reading develops the ability to recognize the biographical sketch as a literary form.

MOTIVATION

- Relate to students' experiences.
  - — What are some of the qualities that entertainers must possess?
  - — What are some of the obstacles they must overcome?
- Introduce the activity.
  - — Today we will read about an entertainer, Rita Moreno, who came from Puerto Rico.

DEVELOPMENT

- Present new vocabulary/concepts in context. Possibilities include: beckoned, dubbing, stereotype, chasm, esteem, quotient, facet.
- Distribute copies of the biographical sketch "Rita Moreno: Award-winning Actress."
- Set purpose for silent reading by directing students to answer the following:
  - — What were some of Rita Moreno's successes?

- Allow students to answer the purpose-setting question. Develop comprehension through further questioning. Some suggestions are:
  - What obstacles did Rita Moreno have to overcome?
  - What qualities helped her to succeed?
  - How did being stereotyped hurt her career?
  - How did Rita Moreno use her talents to expand her career to other media?
  - How do you think Rita Moreno feels about being a role model for young people? Explain.
- Lead students to an awareness that this *biographical sketch* provides information about Rita Moreno.
  - Why do you think the author chose to write about Rita Moreno?
  - If you were to list the important events in Moreno's life, which would you include?
  - Has the author included every detail about Moreno's life? Why not?
  - What else would you like to know about Moreno's life?
  - How can we find more information about her?

SUMMARY

- Direct students to work in groups to discuss the following:
  - What are some of the qualities needed to succeed in the entertainment business?
  - What lessons did we learn from reading about Rita Moreno?
  - Which of Rita Moreno's experiences have been shared by people of other backgrounds? Explain.
  - How does a writer decide which facts to include in a biographical sketch?
- Call the groups together and ask them about their findings.

ASSIGNMENT

- Describe in writing the quality you admire in Rita Moreno.

FOLLOW-UP

- Students may read other biographies of Hispanic Americans.
- Students may write biographical sketches of other persons.

Activity 19

Reading a Personal Account — Maurice Telemaque

MATERIALS

- copies of "Maurice Telemaque — An Oral History," by Eleanor Wong Telemaque, 1990.

PERFORMANCE OBJECTIVES

Students will be able to:

- read an excerpt from an oral history for information about the life of a Haitian immigrant.
- compare and contrast the experiences of newcomers to the United States.

MAJOR IDEAS

- Reading an autobiography develops an appreciation of the accomplishments of others.
- Reading an autobiography develops an ability to make comparisons and note contrasts.

MOTIVATION

- Relate to students' knowledge.
  - — Why would someone move from where he or she lived?
  - — What circumstances might force a person to leave a country?
- Introduce the activity.
  - — Today, we will listen to a personal account of someone who left his country to try to find a better life.

DEVELOPMENT

- Present new vocabulary/concepts in context. Possibilities include: mentor, illiterate, ferment, osmosis, mortgage, blanch.
- Distribute copies of the account written by Eleanor Wong Telemaque.
- Direct students to read silently as the teacher reads aloud. Set purpose for reading.
  - — What were Maurice's experiences when he first came to New York?

- Develop further comprehension through questioning. Suggestions include the following:
  - — What kind of a person is Maurice?
  - — What advice did Maurice's godmother give him?
  - — How did this advice help him in his later life?
  - — How was Maurice affected by prejudice in the United States?
  - — How did he cope with the difficult times in his life?
  - — Why is Maurice's advice to new immigrants meaningful?
- Discuss with students the similarities and differences between the experiences of Maurice Telemaque and the other immigrants whose stories were read in this theme.
  - — What comparisons can be made between the life of Maurice before he emigrated and the lives of the other people in their native countries whom we read about in this theme?
  - — How did immigration to the United States affect their lives?
  - — How did each react to prejudices they encountered?
  - — How is their advice to new immigrants similar or different?

SUMMARY

- Direct students to work in groups to discuss the following:
  - — What insight does the last paragraph provide about Maurice Telemaque?
  - — How do the lives of Maurice Telemaque and the other people we read about demonstrate the different aspects of the immigrant experience?

ASSIGNMENT

- Write a letter to Maurice Telemaque describing your reaction to his story. Include events or advice which you found meaningful.

FOLLOW-UP

- Direct students to discuss how the inability to speak English affects those who have immigrated to America.
- Have students compare and contrast the experiences of Maurice Telemaque with those of the characters in "The English Lesson." What message does each author give us? Ask students to roleplay conversations among them.

Activity 20

Planning a Class Debate

MATERIALS

- copies of selections used throughout the theme.
- copies of poem by Emma Lazarus.

PERFORMANCE OBJECTIVES

Students will be able to:

- research and organize materials in order to support an argument.
- speak persuasively, using effective oral communication skills such as appropriate grammar and word usage.

MAJOR IDEAS

- Research provides an opportunity to increase comprehension and make judgments.
- Ideas and language may be used to influence the thoughts, feelings, and attitudes of an audience.

MOTIVATION

- Relate to students' experiences.
  - — Write the following on the chalkboard:

    "Our country is the world — our countrymen are all mankind."
    — William Lloyd Garrison

  - — What does the quote mean?
  - — Which of the selections that we've read support or contradict this statement?
- Direct students to the quotation by Emma Lazarus (see page 181).

  Note: Teacher should chart both positive and negative responses on chalkboard.

  - — What is the message to newcomers?
  - — Do you think we have fulfilled these promises? Explain.
  - — Have these promises been fulfilled for the people whom we've met in our readings? Explain.
- We can use this information to help us in our next activity, a class debate.

- Introduce the term *debate*.
  - A debate is a discussion of a question or statement in which opposing arguments are presented.

  Note: For additional information about debates, you may refer to such basic texts as *Getting Started In Debate,* by Lynn Goodnight (Lincolnwood, IL: National Textbook Company, 1987).

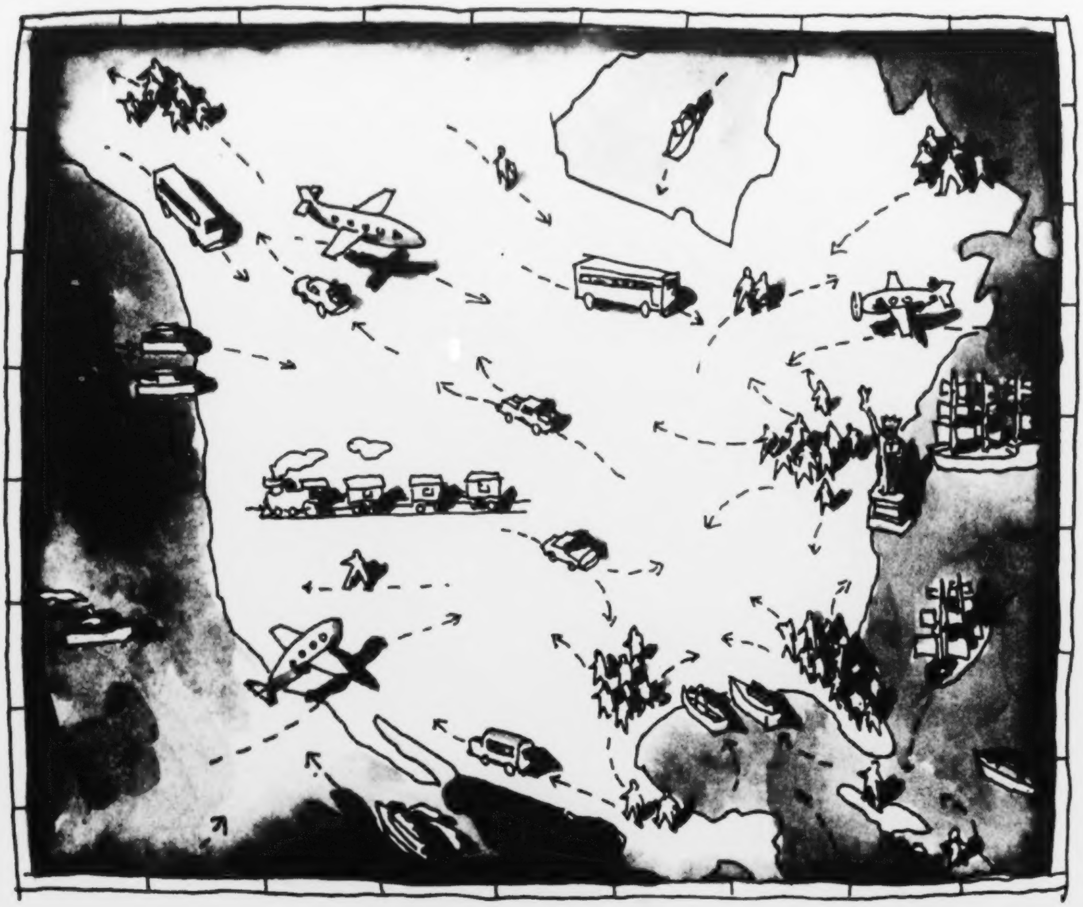
DEVELOPMENT

- Write on the chalkboard the following resolution:

  "The United States can no longer fulfill the promises made to earlier immigrants."
- Inform students that they will work in teams, some of which will research arguments supporting and others opposing this statement.
- Elicit from students available sources for research. Students should be reminded to use selections in the theme as a resource.
- Elicit from students what qualities make an effective argument (such as facts, organization, and examples).
- Teacher should form teams of approximately four members and assign the affirmative and negative sides. Students should elect a captain and proceed to plan the organization of the argument.
- Provide time before actual debate for students to research, organize, and practice their oral presentations. It is suggested that the debates be limited to 24 minutes (approximately three minutes per panelist).
- Teacher should provide time for students to discuss their reactions to the experience of debating.

GRADE LEVEL 8

Movements of People



Readings

Activity 1

A Letter from Gedalyeh Mindel, Turn-of-the-Century Immigrant from Russia

To my worthy wife, Masheh Mindel, and to my loving son, Susha Feifel, and to my precious darling daughter, the apple of my eye, the pride of my life, Tzipkeleh!

Long years and good luck on you! May the blessings from heaven fall over your beloved heads and save you from all harm!

First, I come to tell you that I am well and in good health. May I hear the same from you.

Secondly, I am telling you that my sun is beginning to shine in America. I am becoming a person—a businessman.

I have for myself a stand in the most crowded part of America, where people are as thick as flies and every day is like market day by a fair. My business is from bananas and apples. The day begins with my pushcart full of fruit, and the day never ends before I count up at least two dollars' profit—that means four rubles. . . I Gedalyeh Mindel, four rubles a day, twenty-four rubles a week!

Thirdly, I come to tell you. . . white bread and meat I eat every day just like the millionaires.

Fourthly, I have to tell you that I am no more Gedalyeh Mindel—*Mister* Mindel they call me in America.

Fifthly, Masheh Mindel and my dear children, in America there are no mud huts where cows and chickens and people live all together. I have for myself a separate room with a closed door, and before anyone can come to me, I can give a say, "Come in," or "Stay out," like a king in a palace.

Lastly, my darling family and people of the village of Sukovoly, there is no czar in America.

From *Hungry Hearts and Other Stories,* by Anzia Yezierska, 1920; reprinted by Persea Books, New York, 1985. Permission pending.

"Nostalgic Blues No. 76"— A Letter from an Unnamed Turn-of-the-Century Immigrant from China

My friends, remember by all means:
Don't let yourselves be stranded in a foreign country.
Brows besieged by sorrow from frequent worries of home;
Thousands of miles of clouds and mountains further impede a gloomy stay.
Separation brings out misery.
Have your belongings always packed and ready.
A journey to America is only a search for wealth.
Return to the old country quickly, to avoid going astray.

From *Songs of Gold Mountain*, by Marlon K. Hom (Berkeley, CA: University of California Press, 1987).

Activity 2

Excerpt from *Maggie's American Dream*

By James Comer

I was born in Woodland, Mississippi, to Jim and Maude Nichols. I had two brothers, Leroy and Frank, and two sisters Seretha and Susie. I'm not able to tell you too much of what Woodland, Mississippi, was like. Being a child of five years old when my mother left Mississippi, I can't remember too much about it. But it was all rural area. They had little towns in the rural country like any other place, a couple of stores or so—that's all.

Most of the farming was sharecrop. It didn't leave the workers with anything to amount to. Woodland, as I can remember hearing from my mother talk about in later years, was very poor country. One year if they maybe were making a good crop, the boll weevils ate the crop. Then the next year they owed the man they worked for most of the crop, even though it was a good crop, because the boll weevils had ate the crop the year before.

My father was sharecropping. He had more education than the white man he was working for. My father did all his weighing of the cotton and taking care of his business because that white man could not read or write. There were about thirteen or fourteen boys in his family and some few of them got to go to school a bit. My father was one that did get to go to school.

I remember very little about my dad, but I remember that the children all gathered around him at all times. He thought so much of his little children. My mother said I was his favorite because they had two boys first, and then a girl—that was me. He always called me "Doll." I can remember my hanging onto him where he went.

Maggie's father was struck by lightning and killed while working in the cotton fields, when she was five years old. Her life changed dramatically after that.

My mother was left a young widow with five children plus my father's two children, seven in all. (He'd had two daughters and a son, but one of the daughters was dead by that time.) My mother must have been in her thirties when my father died. Well, as soon as my father passed, his people took his kids, Son and Carrie, away from her because in them days they felt that this was the way to do it. If they had stayed with her, she probably would have been able to make it.

Later on my stepsister, Carrie, got married to Charlie Watkins. She had one cow left that my mother had shared with her. She sold her cow to get his fare to come to East Chicago, Indiana. When he got here, he started working in Inland Steel. When he made enough for her fare, he sent back and got her. Soon enough, they would have me too.

My mother tried to work the land after Dad died. It didn't work because my brothers wasn't old enough to plow. That was the biggest thing about farming, you know. She got one of her sister's boys to live with us and help us do the crop, but there was only her and this boy. My mother tried for a year, but it didn't work.

When that boy went back to his family, she didn't know what all to do. There was no help in them days. So she met this fellow that had been raised up there in Woodland. He had gone away to Memphis as a young man and got married. When he and his wife was divorced, he came back home, looking—like most men are looking today—for the woman that had the most. That was my mother, and he married her. She turned everything over to him, to let him sell everything else. He got rid of everything she had, three horses, half dozen cows, and many turkeys and hogs.

He took us far as Holly Springs, Mississippi. He told her that he was going on to prepare a home for us in Memphis, but when he sent the fare back, he sent fare only for her. We were five children in a strange place. I was five or six years old. We had no food, no clothing, nothing. We just was living off neighbors in Holly Springs. Which meant that we were going to just die there or something if my mother left.

She didn't know what to do. She just took all five of us and got on the train. When the train pulled off, the conductor came around to collect the tickets and she had one ticket for herself. The conductor—all of them was white then—took this one ticket and said, "Where's the ticket for these children?"

"I don't have any. They're not old enough."

"Oh, yeah, they're old enough. I can tell you the age of every one of these children." He had been at this business so long that he could practically look at you and tell. He told her, "I could stop this train right now and put you off. But I'm not going to do that. But don't you ever do a trick like this again."

We came on then to Memphis. My stepfather was there waiting to greet her. He had no place for the rest of us, but he had to take us, she had brought us along. He found an old storefront—no beds, just junk. That's where we lived, sleeping on pallets.

We grew up there in Memphis. He had two children from his other marriage, a girl and a boy, Fred and Ethel. And there was my mother's five from her first marriage, me, Susie and Seretha, Buddy and Leroy. And later he and my mother had two children, Beatrice and Elizabeth. We all lived together—nine children in one house. The boys all slept in one bed and the girls all slept in one bed. We slept at one another's head and felt like sardines. We moved from here to there and here to there, all more or less in the same area. People in them days moved every week or so. We lived on South Parkway most of the time, a couple of miles from downtown. The house was in a rural area just across the city limits—dirt roads, poor housing, poor people. We lived in many, many houses. My stepfather was a drifter. We left Memphis and went to Arkansas, and then went to Dyersburg, Tennessee. I was about ten years old by then.

Even then I was determined that life would be better. There was an alley between the city limits and the suburb. The white people was on the city-limits side, and we were on the suburb side. Only a wire fence separated us. The whites had much, much land around them. We lived upstairs and there was a little porch. I'd come out every morning and I would look over on this side: the colored homes, little toilets sitting outside, wire fences broken down, a pretty house here or there. And then I'd look on the other side. I'd see their daughters coming out in the morning, getting in their cars with their little grips. Some were lawyers and some were schoolteachers and so forth. And I'd always look over there and say—but it was all in my mind because I couldn't say anything out loud—"Why can't we live like that? Papa makes enough money and we do all we can, we're smart. Why can't we have something like that?"

We had all been planning to run away. For a year each one of us had been saving a nickel or dime from our errands. We would drop it in an old tin can that we hid. The plan was that Leroy would run away and save money and help us all leave. So finally after he had hit Leroy and he didn't come back, my stepdad kept asking, "Where's Leroy?" We all just looked at each other, grinning when he wasn't looking. Finally that evening we heard the whistle of the boat, the Charles Organ, at six o'clock. We knew Leroy was gone.

Soon after, Maggie's brother Buddy left, and Maggie wrote to Leroy telling him she was ready to leave home too.

I was sixteen August first, and I left August first. If you ran away before you were sixteen they could force you back home. When the train pulled out of the station, I said, "Goodbye, Tennessee."

East Chicago

In August, 1920, I came into Chicago on a train. Me and Carrie got off the train in Chicago and took the streetcar into East Chicago, which was about thirty miles away. I didn't stop to think too much about Chicago or East Chicago. All I wanted was freedom. I thought, "I can make it anywhere!"

East Chicago was just a few houses, and most of it was steel mill and smoke. There wasn't any finery or anything of the kind, but that wasn't what I was looking for. I was looking for a better life for myself. To hear people talk about Chicago, as I had heard my sister talk when I was still in Memphis, you'd think that money was dropping off of trees. They would say that you just didn't have to want for anything; you could have whatever you want. While still down South, I thought to myself, I'll wait and see what it's like. And, sure enough, East Chicago wasn't what I had been told. It was quite a letdown. You know when people in the South long years ago said Chicago or East Chicago, Indiana, they claimed: this is heaven. But I never did believe it.

I lived with my half sister Carrie, and her husband Charlie Watkins. My two brothers were also living with her at that time. My brothers and I had planned for me to go to school because my stepfather would not let us go in Memphis. They wanted somebody in the family to get an education.

We had learned some in Memphis. We hid some books around that different people would give us. At night when he was away we'd study those books, but we had to run and hide them when we heard him coming. Of all the days put together I hadn't had six months of school in Memphis. I would be two or three days in school when it started in September. Then we wouldn't go anymore until a few days just before Christmas, and a few more just before school was out in the summer. And that's what few days I got in schooling. We never bought a set of books.

So I wanted to go to school in East Chicago, but I was a little bit too old at the time, at sixteen. I had to be put in the class with eight-year-old children. But I learned a lot going to school in East Chicago a little while. The teacher and the children was nice to me. They got interested in me when they see I was a great big girl and I didn't know how to read and write. I got quite a bit of help from them. Soon I was able to read and write my name and count to one hundred and so forth. However, I had to do too much work at home. I would have to rush home and cook for the whole family—for her husband, my two brothers, her, and a couple of roomers she had. Then I had to wash clothes until twelve or one o'clock at night. I could not do all that and go to school. I don't feel anything bitter toward Sis Carrie. She felt like it didn't make sense for a great big girl like me to be in beginning school.

Living at Sis Carrie's was quite a step up for me. Brother Charlie made good money at the time. They were buying their own home, a six room house in a nice neighborhood. They were church people, and we hadn't been allowed to go to church back in Tennessee. They had plenty of food, which we did not have back in Memphis. I did get to wear some of her hand-me-downs, which was quite a privilege at that time. But still I had a mind that this wasn't it yet. I was very independent and I wanted to be on my own.

After I had to leave school, I went out and knocked on door after door asking, "Would you like to have a girl to work?" Most of the work in the two years before I was married was catch as catch can.

Being a girl from the South, my attitude was different to the kids in East Chicago. They wouldn't go out looking for work like that. My attitude was how I got my first real job, in a candy store.

It was a Sunday and this bunch of girls got together and went from Sunday School to this store where the kids would always go. When they rushed in, everybody was saying, "I want, I want, gimme this, gimme that." And I stood back because I wasn't used to that sort of thing. Some would pick up something that didn't belong to them. The lady that owned the store, she was watching me very closely. And I'm standing back because I don't do that. I wait until everybody's through and ask for what I wanted. Just before the kids all left, she said, "You, girl, I want to see you a minute."

I hadn't did anything, but I wondered, "Now, did she think I had picked up something?" I stood aside. She let all the other children go, and then she asked my age and where I lived and so forth. And she said, "Would you like to work?"

"Oh, sure I would!"

"Well, I would like to have you work for me. If you come tomorrow morning, I'll talk with you."

The work was awfully hard. She put as much work on me as you ought to put on three people. But I was happy to have it at that. I did housekeeping and washing; as a sixteen-year-old girl I was washing for a family of five. You ironed all one day and washed all day the next. I also helped her make sandwiches to sell at a school. And I did all the scrubbing down on my hands and knees. . . . If there was ever any minutes left after I finished washing and ironing before the day was gone, I had to work in the store.

I was very honest. Later, when I started working for a lawyer's wife, Mrs. Brissey, there was a fifty-cent piece and a dollar laying in different places in the house. She had put that there on purpose. I realized as soon as I seen them what it was for. I would dust and put them right back where they was. So then after a while she would trust me with anything.

But I did have a friend to come in and move some change. She had said that I could have company, and I brought this girl to stay with me while I worked. She took the money and some fruit and left. When I looked and the money was gone, I was so scared. I said, "Now this child has left with that money and this lady has gone to Chicago." What was I going to do?

I didn't have that kind of change to put back. So as soon as the lady came in, I explained to her. "This week when you go to pay me, you hold money back because I am responsible for bringing that little girl here." And even though I asked her to take the money out of my salary she didn't do it. She said she knew as long as I had been there, money hadn't been moved.

While Maggie worked at this job, she was able to study books that belonged to her employer. Another young woman who visited there began to give Maggie lessons, and it was here that Maggie really learned to read and write. What little free time she had, she spent at church. She became friends with the preacher's daughter and her crowd and that was how she met her husband, Hugh Comer.

Hugh Comer was as perfect a man as there can be. He didn't smoke. He didn't drink. He didn't care for the wild life. If he told you he was going to do something, you could bank on it. And honest as the day is long. He came to town before me, in 1916. I first knew him when he was an usher in our church.

When I first came to East Chicago I was sixteen years old. At sixteen in them days, you dressed like a girl, and he didn't pay much attention to me. He was dating another girl that was older.

In 1920 he went back South for a few months. In the meantime I changed my way of wearing clothes and dressed more like a young lady. When he came back he didn't recognize me. He asked the preacher's daughter, "Say, who is that girl?"

That next Sunday, he came on down to our house after church. I said, "Have a seat, my brother-in-law will be out in a few minutes."

He said, "I didn't come to see him. I came to see you." And that's how it started. He was a very serious type of person. Even his first talk—we were almost engaged the first time we talked. At that point I was afraid of men. I had no really, you know, backing. I had heard how so many men had come into town and pretended they never had been married and disappointed girls. When the girl knew anything, this man's wife and children would come. But Hugh Comer was so frank about his life and this turned me from thinking that all men were alike.

He was very honest. He told me he'd been married and he had a daughter, Louise. He told me he and his wife was divorced.

Maggie was afraid that Hugh Comer might not truly be divorced and insisted on some kind of proof. He wrote his mother and his former mother-in-law asking them to write and verify his divorce. After Maggie read their letters she decided that he was telling the truth.

Me and Mr. Comer got along right from the start because we had the same thing in mind—getting ahead, getting our own home. We expected a family. He wanted children and he wanted them educated. This was the kind of thing he preached until he died.

What he said about education, and everything else too, was what I had fought for as a child, all around me kids went to school and were educated and came out with a degree and went into good jobs. This was the thing I wanted my children to have. This was the right man.

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Activity 3

The English Lesson

By Nicholasa Mohr

Part I

"Remember our assignment for today everybody! I'm so confident that you will all do exceptionally well!" Mrs. Susan Hamma smiled enthusiastically at her students. "Everyone is to get up and make a brief statement as to why he or she is taking this course in Basic English. You must state your name, where you originally came from, how long you have been here, and. . . uh. . . a little something about yourself, if you wish. Keep it brief, not too long; remember, there are twenty-eight of us. We have a full class, and everyone must have a chance." Mrs. Hamma waved a forefinger at her students. "This is, after all, a democracy, and we have a democratic class; fairness for all!"

Lali grinned and looked at William, who sat directly next to her. He winked and rolled his eyes toward Mrs. Hamma. This was the third class they had attended together. It had not been easy to persuade Rudi that Lali should learn better English.

"Why is it necessary, eh?" Rudi had protested. "She works here in the store with me. She don't have to talk to nobody. Besides, everybody that comes in speaks Spanish—practically everybody, anyway."

But once William had put the idea to Lali and explained how much easier things would be for her, she kept insisting until Rudi finally agreed. "Go on, you're both driving me nuts. But it can't interfere with business or work—I'm warning you!"

Adult Education offered Basic English, Tuesday evenings from 6:30 to 8:00, at a local public school. Night customers did not usually come into Rudi's Luncheonette until after eight. William and Lali promised that they would leave everything prepared and make up for any inconvenience by working harder and longer than usual, if necessary.

The class admitted twenty-eight students, and because there were only twenty-seven registered, Lali was allowed to take the course even after missing the first two classes. William had assured Mrs. Hamma that he would help Lali catch up; she was glad to have another student to make up the full registration.

Most of the students were Spanish speaking. The majority were American citizens—Puerto Ricans who had migrated to New York and spoke very little English. The rest were immigrants admitted to the United States as legal aliens. There were several Chinese, two Dominicans, one Sicilian, and one Pole.

Every Tuesday Mrs. Hamma traveled to the Lower East Side from Bayside, Queens, where she lived and was employed as a history teacher in the local junior high school. She was convinced that this small group of people desperately needed her services. Mrs. Hamma reiterated her feelings frequently to just about anyone who would listen. "Why, if these people can make it to class after working all day at those miserable, dreary, uninteresting, and often revolting jobs, well, the least I can do is be there to serve them, making every lesson count toward improving their conditions! My grandparents came here from Germany as poor immigrants, working their way up. I'm not one to forget a thing like that!"

By the time class started, most of the students were quite tired. And after the lesson was over, many had to go on to part-time jobs, some even without time for supper. As a result there was always sluggishness and yawning among the students. This never discouraged Mrs. Hamma, whose drive and enthusiasm not only amused the class but often kept everyone awake.

"Now this is the moment we have all been preparing for." Mrs. Hamma stood up, nodded, and blinked knowingly at her students. "Five lessons, I think, are enough to prepare us for our oral statements. You may read from prepared notes, as I said before, but please try not to read every word. We want to hear you speak; conversation is what we're after. When someone asks you about yourself, you cannot take a piece of paper and start reading the answers, now can you? That would be foolish.

So. . . . "

Standing in front of her desk, she put her hands on her hips and spread her feet, giving the impression that she was going to demonstrate calisthenics.

"Shall we begin?"

Mrs. Hamma was a very tall, angular woman with large extremities. She was the tallest person in the room. Her eyes roamed from student to student until they met William's.

"Mr. Colon, will you please begin?"

Nervously William looked around him, hesitating.

"Come on now, we must get the ball rolling. All right now. . . did you hear what I said? Listen, 'getting the ball rolling' means getting started. Getting things going, such as—" Mrs. Hamma swiftly lifted her right hand over her head, making a fist, then swung her arm around like a pitcher and, with an underhand curve, forcefully threw an imaginary ball out at her students. Trying to maintain her balance, Mrs. Hamma hopped from one leg to the other. Startled, the students looked at one another. In spite of their efforts to restrain themselves, several people in back began to giggle. Lali and William looked away, avoiding each other's eyes and trying not to laugh out loud. With an assured countenance, Mrs. Hamma continued.

"An idiom!" she exclaimed, pleased. "You have just seen me demonstrate the meaning of an idiom. Now I want everyone to jot down this information in his notebook." Going to the blackboard, Mrs. Hamma explained, "It's something which literally says one thing, but actually means another. Idiom . . . idiomatic." Quickly and obediently, everyone began to copy what she wrote. "Has everyone got it? O.K., let's *get the ball rolling*, Mr. Colon!"

Uneasily William stood up; he was almost the same height standing as sitting. When speaking to others, especially in a new situation, he always preferred to sit alongside those listening; it gave him a sense of equality with other people. He looked around and cleared his throat; at least everyone else was sitting. Taking a deep breath, William felt better.

"My name is William Horacio Colon," he read from a prepared statement. "I have been here in New York City for five months. I coming from Puerto Rico. My town is located in the mountains in the central part of the island. The name of my town is Aibonito, which means in Spanish 'oh how pretty.' It is name like this because when the Spaniards first seen that place they was very impressed with the beauty of the section and—"

"Make it brief, Mr. Colon," Mrs. Hamma interrupted, "there are others, you know."

William looked at her, unable to continue.

"Go on, go on, Mr. Colon, please!"

"I am working here now living with my mother and family in Lower East Side of New York City," William spoke rapidly. "I study Basic English por que. . . because my ambition is to learn to speak and read English very good. To get a better job. Y—y tambien, to help my mother y familia." He shrugged. "Y do better, that's all."

"That's all? Why, that's wonderful! Wonderful! Didn't he do well class?" Mrs. Hamma bowed slightly toward William and applauded him. The students watched her and slowly each one began to imitate her. Pleased, Mrs. Hamma looked around her; all together they gave William a healthy round of applause.

Next, Mrs. Hamma turned to a Chinese man seated at the other side of the room.

"Mr. Fong, you may go next."

Mr. Fong stood up; he was a man in his late thirties, of medium height and slight build. Cautiously he looked at Mrs. Hamma, and waited.

"Go on, Mr. Fong. Get the ball rolling, remember?"

"All right. Get a ball rolling. . . is idiot!" Mr. Fong smiled.

"No, Mr. Fong, *idiommmmmm!"* Mrs. Hamma hummed her *m's,* shaking her head. "Not an—It's idiomatic!"

"What I said!" Mr. Fong responded with self-assurance, looking directly at Mrs. Hamma. "Get a ball rolling, idiomit."

"Never mind." She cleared her throat. "Just go on."

"I said O.K.?" Mr. Fong waited for an answer.

"Go on, please."

Mr. Fong sighed, "My name is Joseph Fong. I been here in this country United States New York City for most one year." He too read from a prepared statement. "I come from Hong Kong but original born in city of Canton, China. I working delivery food business and live with my brother and his family in Chinatown. I taking the course in Basic English to speak good and improve my position better in this country. Also to be eligible to become American citizen."

Mrs. Hamma selected each student who was to speak from a different part of the room, rather than in the more conventional orderly fashion of row by row, or front to back, or even alphabetical order. This way, she reasoned, no one will know who's next; it will be more spontaneous. Mrs. Hamma enjoyed catching the uncertain looks on the faces of her students. A feeling of control over the situation gave her a pleasing thrill, and she made the most of these moments by looking at several people more than once before making her final choice.

There were more men than women, and Mrs. Hamma called two or three men for each woman. It was her way of maintaining a balance. To her distress, most read from prepared notes, despite her efforts to discourage this. She would interrupt them when she felt they went on too long, then praise them when they finished. Each statement was followed by applause from everyone.

All had similar statements. They had migrated here in search of a better future, were living with relatives, and worked as unskilled laborers. With the exception of Lali, who was childless, every woman gave the ages and sex of her children; most men referred to their "family." And, among the legal aliens, there was only one who did not want to become an American citizen, Diego Torres, a young man from the Dominican Republic, and he gave his reasons.

". . . and to improve my economic situation." Diego Torres hesitated, looking around the room. "But is one thing I no want, and is to become American citizen"—he pointed to an older man with a dark complexion, seated a few seats away—"like my fellow countryman over there!" The man shook his head disapprovingly at Diego Torres, trying to hide his annoyance. "I no give up my country, Santo Domingo, for nothing," he went on, "nothing in the whole world. O.K., man? I come here, pero I cannot help. I got no work at home. There, is political. The United States control most the industry which is sugar and tourismo. Y—you have to know somebody. I tell you, is political to get a job, man! You don't know nobody and you no work, eh? So I come here from necessity, pero this no my country—"

"Mr. Torres," Mrs. Hamma interrupted, "we must be brief, please, there are—"

"I no finish lady!" he snapped. "You wait a minute when I finish!"

There was complete silence as Diego Torres glared at Susan Hamma. No one had ever spoken to her like that, and her confusion was greater than her embarrassment. Without speaking, she lowered her eyes and nodded.

"O.K., I prefer live feeling happy in my country, man. Even I don't got too much. I live simple but in my own country I be contento. Pero this is no possible in the situation of Santo Domingo now. Someday we gonna run our own country and be jobs for everybody. My reasons to be here is to make money, man, and go back home buy my house and property. I no be American citizen, no way. I'm Dominican and Proud! That's it. That's all I got to say." Abruptly, Diego Torres sat down.

"All right." Mrs. Hamma had composed herself. "Very good; you can come here and state your views. That is what America is all about. We may not agree with you, but we defend your right to an opinion. And as long as you are in this classroom, Mr. Torres, you are in America. Now, everyone, let us give Mr. Torres the same courtesy as everyone else in this class." Mrs. Hamma applauded with a polite light clap, then turned to find the next speaker. . . .

Practically everyone had spoken. Lali and the two European immigrants were the only ones left. Mrs. Hamma called upon Lali.

"My name is Rogelia Dolores Padillo. I come from Canovanas in Puerto Rico. Is a small village in the mountains near El Yunque Rain Forest. My family is still living there. I marry and live here with my husband working in his business of restaurant. Call Rudi's Luncheonette. I been here New York City Lower East Side since I marry, which is now about one year. I study Basic English to improve my vocabulario and learn more about here. This way I help my husband in his business and I do more also for myself, including to be able to read better in English. Thank you."

Aldo Fabrizi, the Sicilian, spoke next. He was a very short man, barely five feet tall. Usually he was self-conscious about his height, but William's presence relieved him of these feelings. Looking at William, he thought being short was no big thing; he was, after all, normal. He told the class that he was originally from Palermo, the capital of Sicily, and had gone to Milano, in the north of Italy, looking for work. After three years in Milano, he immigrated here six months ago and now lived with his sister. He had a good steady job, he said, working in a copper wire factory with his brother-in-law in Brooklyn. Aldo Fabrizi wanted to become an American citizen and spoke passionately about it, without reading from his notes.

"I be proud to be American citizen. I no come here find work live good and no have responsibility or no be grateful." He turned and looked threateningly at Diego Torres. "Hey? I tell you all one thing, I got my nephew right now fighting in Vietnam for this country!" Diego Torres stretched his hands over his head, yawning, folded his hands, and lowered his eyelids. I wish I could be citizen to fight for this country. My whole family is citizens—we all Americans and we love America!" His voice was quite loud. "That's how I feel."

"Very good," Mrs. Hamma called, distracting Aldo Fabrizi. "That was well stated. I'm sure you will not only become a citizen, but you will also be a credit to this country."

The last person to be called on was the Pole. He was always neatly dressed in a business suit, with a shirt and tie, and carried a briefcase. His manner was reserved but friendly.

"Good evening fellow students and Madame Teacher." He nodded politely to Mrs. Hamma. "My name is Stephan Paczkowski. I am originally from Poland about four months ago. My background is I was born in capital city of Poland, Warsaw. Being educated in capital and also graduating from the University with degree of Professor of music with specialty in the history of music."

Stephan Paczkowski read from his notes carefully, articulating every word. "I was given appointment of professor of history of music at University of Krakow. I work there for ten years until about year and half ago. At this time the political situation in Poland was so that all Jewish people were requested by the government to leave Poland. My wife who also is being a professor of economics at University of Krakow is of Jewish parents. My wife was told she could not remain in position at University or remain over there. We made arrangements for my wife and daughter who is seven years of age and myself to come here with my wife's cousin who is to be helping us.

"Since four months I am working in large hospital as position of porter in maintenance department. The thing of it is, I wish to take basic English to improve my knowledge of English language, and be able to return to my position of professor of history of music. Finally, I wish to become a citizen of United States. That is my reasons. I thank you all."

After Stephan Paczkowski sat down, there was a long awkward silence and everyone turned to look at Mrs. Hamma. Even after the confrontation with Diego Torres, she had applauded without hesitation. Now she seemed unable to move.

"Well," she said, almost breathless, "that's admirable! I'm sure, sir, that you will do very well. . . a person of your. . . like yourself, I mean. . . a professor, after all, it's really just admirable." Everyone was listening intently to what she said. "That was well done, class. Now, we have to get to next week's assignment." Mrs. Hamma realized that no one had applauded Stephan Paczkowski. With a slightly pained expression, she began to applaud. "Mustn't forget Mr. Paczkowski; everybody here must be treated equally. This is America!" The class joined her in a round of applause.

As Mrs. Hamma began to write the next week's assignment on the board, some students looked anxiously at their watches and others asked about the time. Then they all quickly copied the information into their notebooks. It was almost eight o'clock. Those who had to get to second jobs did not want to be late; some even hoped to have time for a bite to eat first. Others were just tired and wanted to get home.

Lali looked at William, sighing impatiently. They both hoped Mrs. Hamma would finish quickly. There would be hell to pay with Rudi if the night customers were already at the luncheonette. "There, that's next week's work, which is very import-ant, by the way. We will be looking at the history of New York City and the different ethnic groups that lived here as far back as the Dutch. I can't tell you how proud I am of the way you all spoke. All of you—I have no favorites, you know."

Mrs. Hamma was interrupted by the long, loud buzzing sound bringing the lesson to an end. Quickly everyone began to exit.

"Good night, see you all next Tuesday!" Mrs. Hamma called out. "By the way, if any of you here wants extra help, I have a few minutes this evening." Several people bolted past her, excusing themselves. In less than thirty seconds, Mrs. Hamma was standing in an empty classroom.

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Activity 4

The English Lesson

By Nicholasa Mohr

Part II

William and Lali hurried along, struggling against the cold, sharp March wind that whipped across Houston Street stinging their faces and making their eyes tear. In a few minutes they would be at Rudi's. So far, they had not been late once.

"You read very well—better than anybody in class. I told you there was nothing to worry about. You caught up in no time."

"Go on, I was so nervous, honestly! But, I'm glad she left me for one of the last. If I had to go first, like you, I don't think I could open my mouth. You were so calm. You started the thing off very well."

"You go on now, I was nervous myself!" he laughed, pleased.

"Mira, Chiquitin," Lali giggled, "I didn't know your name was Horacio. William Horacio. Ave Maria, so imposing!"

"That's right, because you see, my mother was expecting a valiant warrior! Instead, well"—he threw up his hands—"no one warned me either. And what a name for a Chiquitin like me."

Lali smiled, saying nothing. At first she had been very aware of William's dwarfishness. Now it no longer mattered. It was only when she saw others reacting to him for the first time that she was once more momentarily struck with William's physical difference.

"We should really try to speak in English, Lali. It would be good practice for us."

"Dios mio. . . I feel so foolish, and my accent is terrible!"

"But look, we all have to start some place. Besides, what about the Americanos? When they speak Spanish, they sound pretty awful, but we accept it. You know I'm right. And that's how people get ahead, by not being afraid to try."

They walked in silence for a few moments. Since William had begun to work at Rudi's, Lali's life had become less lonely. Lali was shy by nature; making friends was difficult for her. She had grown up in the sheltered environment of a large family living in a tiny mountain village. She was considered quite plain. Until Rudi had asked her parents for permission to court her, she had only gone out with two local boys. She had accepted his marriage proposal expecting great changes in her life. But the age difference between her and Rudi, being in a strange country without friends or relatives, and the long hours of work at the luncheonette confined Lali to a way of life she could not have imagined. Every evening she found herself waiting for William to come in to work, looking forward to his presence.

Lali glanced over at him as they started across the wide busy street. His grip on her elbow was firm but gentle as he led her to the sidewalk.

"There you are, Miss Lali, please to watch your step!" he spoke in English.

His thick golden-blond hair was slightly mussed and fell softly, partially covering his forehead. His wide smile, white teeth and large shoulders made him appear quite handsome. Lali found herself staring at William. At that moment she wished he could be just like everybody else.

"Lali?" William asked, confused by her silent stare. "Is something wrong?"

"No." Quickly Lali turned her face. She felt herself blushing. "I. . . I was just thinking how to answer in English, that's all."

"But that's it. . . don't think! What I mean is, don't go worrying about what to say. Just talk natural. Get used to simple phrases and the rest will come, you'll see."

"All right," Lali said, glad the strange feeling of involvement has passed, and William had taken no notice of it. "It's an interesting class, don't you think so? I mean—like that man, the professor. Bendito! Imagine, they had to leave because they were Jewish. What a terrible thing!"

"I don't believe he's Jewish; it's his wife who is Jewish. She was a professor too. But I guess they don't wanna be separated. . . and they have a child."

"Tsk, tsk, los pobres! But, can you imagine, then? A professor from a university doing the job of a porter? My goodness!" Lali sighed. "I never heard of such a thing!"

"But you gotta remember, it's like Mrs. Hamma said, this is America, right? So. . . everybody got a chance to clean toilets! Equality, didn't she say that?"

They both laughed loudly, stepping up their pace until they reached Rudi's Luncheonette.

The small luncheonette was almost empty. One customer sat at the counter.

"Just in time," Rudi called out. "Let's get going. People gonna be coming in hungry any minute. I was beginning to worry about you two!"

William ran in the back to change into his work shirt.

Lali slipped into her uniform and soon was busy at the grill.

"Well, did you learn anything tonight?" Rudi asked her.

"Yes."

"What?"

"I don't know," she answered, without interrupting her work. "We just talked a little bit in English."

"A little bit in English—about what?"

Lali busied herself, ignoring him. Rudi waited, then tried once more.

"You remember what you talked about?" He watched her as she moved, working quickly, not looking in his direction.

"No." Her response was barely audible.

Lately Rudi had begun to reflect on his decision to marry such a young woman. Especially a country girl like Lali, who was shy and timid. He had never had children with his first wife and wondered if he lacked the patience needed for the young. They had little in common and certainly seldom spoke about anything but the business. Certainly he could not fault her for being lazy; she was always working without being asked. People would accuse him in jest of overworking his young wife. He assured them there was no need, because she had the endurance of a country mule. After almost one year of marriage, he felt he hardly knew Lali or what he might do to please her.

William began to stack clean glasses behind the counter.

"Chiquitin! How about you and Lali having something to eat? We gotta few minutes yet. There's some fresh rice pudding."

"Later. . . I'll have mine a little later, thanks."

"Ask her if she wants some." Rudi whispered, gesturing toward Lali.

William moved close to Lali and spoke softly to her.

"She said no." William continued his work.

"Listen, Chiquitin, I already spoke to Raquel Martinez who lives next door. You know, she's got all them kids? In case you people are late, she can cover for you and Lali. She said it was O.K."

"Thanks, Rudi, I appreciate it. But we'll get back on time."

"She's good, you know. She helps me out during the day whenever I need extra help. Off the books, I give her a few bucks. But, mira, I cannot pay you and Raquel both. So if she comes in, you don't get paid. You know that then, O.K.?"

"Of course. Thanks, Rudi."

"Sure, well, it's a good thing after all. You and Lali improving yourselves. Not that she really needs it, you know. I provide for her. As I said, she's my wife, so she don't gotta worry. If she wants something, I'll buy it for her. I made it clear she didn't have to bother with none of that, but"—Rudi shrugged—"if that's what she wants, I'm not one to interfere."

The door opened. Several men walked in.

"Here they come, kids!"

Orders were taken and quickly filled. Customers came and went steadily until about eleven o'clock, when Rudi announced that it was closing time.

The weeks passed, then the months, and this evening, William and Lali sat with the other students listening to Mrs. Hamma as she taught the last lesson of the Basic English course.

"It's been fifteen long hard weeks for all of you. And I want you to know how proud I am of each and every one here."

William glanced at Lali; he knew she was upset. He felt it too, wishing that this was not the end of the course. It was the only time he and Lali had free to themselves together. Tuesday had become their evening.

Lali had been especially irritable that week, dreading this last session. For her, Tuesday meant leaving the world of Rudi, the luncheonette, that street, everything that she felt imprisoned her. She was accomplishing something all by herself, and without the help of the man she was dependent upon.

Mrs. Hamma finally felt that she had spent enough time assuring her students of her sincere appreciation.

"I hope some of you will stay and have a cup of coffee or tea, and cookies. There's plenty over there." She pointed to a side table where a large electric coffeepot filled with hot water was steaming. The table was set for instant coffee and tea, complete with several boxes of assorted cookies. "I do this every semester for my classes. I think it's nice to have a little informal chat with one another; perhaps discuss our plans for the future and so on. But it must be in English! Especially those of you who are Spanish speaking. Just because you outnumber the rest of us, don't you think you can get away with it!" Mrs. Hamma lifted her forefinger threateningly but smiled. "Now, it is still early, so there's plenty of time left. Please turn in your books."

Some of the people said good-bye quickly and left, but the majority waited, helping themselves to coffee or tea and cookies. Small clusters formed as people began to chat with one another.

Diego Torres and Aldo Fabrizi were engaged in a friendly but heated debate on the merits of citizenship.

"Hey, you come here a minute, please," Aldo Fabrizi called out to William, who was standing with a few people by the table, helping himself to coffee. William walked over to the two men.

"What's the matter?"

"What do you think of your paisano. He don't wanna be citizen. I say—my opinion—he don't appreciate what he got in this country. This a great country! You the same like him, what do you think?"

"Mira, please tell him we no the same," Diego Torres said with exasperation. "You a citizen, pero not me. Este tipo no comprende, man!"

"Listen, yo comprendo. . . yo capito! I know what you say. He be born in Puerto Rico. But you see, we got the same thing. I be born in Sicily—that is another part of the country, separate. But I still Italiano, capito?"

"Dios mio!" Diego Torres smacked his forehead with an open palm. "Mira"—he turned to William—"explain to him, por favor."

William swallowed a mouthful of cookies. "He's right. Puerto Rico is part of the United States. And Sicily is part of Italy. But not the Dominican Republic where he been born. There is not the United States. I was born a citizen, do you see?"

"Sure!" Aldo Fabrizi nodded. "Capito. Hey, but you still no can vote, right?"

"Sure I can vote; I got all the rights. I am a citizen, just like anybody else," William assured him.

"You some lucky guy then. You got it made! You don't gotta worry like the rest of—"

Diego Torres interrupted. "Why he got it made, man? He force to leave his country. Pendejo, you no capito nothing, man. . . ."

As the two men continued to argue, William waited for the right moment to slip away and join Lali.

She was with some of the women, who were discussing how sincere and devoted Mrs. Hamma was.

"She's hardworking. . . ."

"And she's good people. . . ." an older woman agreed.

Mr. Fong joined them, and they spoke about the weather and how nice and warm the days were.

Slowly people began to leave, shaking hands with their fellow students and Mrs. Hamma, wishing each other luck.

Mrs. Hamma had been hoping to speak to Stephan Paczkowsky privately this evening, but he was always with a group. Now he offered his hand.

"I thank you very much for your good teaching. It was a fine semester."

"Oh, do you think so? Oh, I'm so glad to hear you say that. You don't know how much it means. Especially coming from a person of your caliber. I am confident, yes, indeed, that you will soon be back to your profession, which, after all, is your true calling. If there is anything I can do, please. . . ."

"Thank you, miss. This time I am registering in Hunter College, which is in Manhattan on Sixty-fifth Street in Lexington Avenue, with a course of English Literature for beginners." After a slight bow, he left.

"Good-bye." Mrs. Hamma sighed after him.

Lali, William, and several of the women picked up the paper cups and napkins and tossed them into the trash basket.

"Thank you so much, that's just fine. Luis the porter will do the rest. He takes care of these things. He's a lovely person and very helpful. Thank you."

William shook hands with Mrs. Hamma, then waited for Lali to say good-bye. They were the last ones to leave.

"Both of you have been such good students. What are your plans? I hope you will continue with your English."

"Next term we're taking another course," Lali said, looking at William.

"Yes," William responded, "it's more advance. Over at the Washington Irving High School around Fourteenth Street."

"Wonderful." Mrs. Hamma hesitated. "May I ask you a question before you leave? It's only that I'm a little curious about something."

"Sure, of course." They both nodded.

"Are you two related? I mean, you are always together and yet have different last names, so I was just. . . wondering."

"Oh, we are just friends," Lali answered, blushing.

"I work over in the luncheonette at night, part-time."

"Of course." Mrs. Hamma looked at Lali. "Mrs. Padillo, your husband's place of business. My, that's wonderful, just wonderful! You are all just so ambitious. Very good. . . ."

They exchanged farewells.

Outside the warm June night was sprinkled with the sweetness of the new buds sprouting on the scrawny trees and hedges planted along the sidewalks and in the housing project grounds. A brisk breeze swept over the East River on to

Houston Street, providing a freshness in the air.

This time they were early, and Lali and William strolled at a relaxed pace.

"Well," Lali shrugged, "that's that. It's over!"

"Only for a couple of months. In September we'll be taking a more advanced course at the high school."

"I'll probably forget everything I learned by then."

"Come on, Lali, the summer will be over before you know it. Just you wait and see. Besides, we can practice so we don't forget what Mrs. Hamma taught us."

"Sure, what do you like to speak about?" Lali said in English.

William smiled, and clasping his hands, said, "I would like to say to you how wonderful you are, and how you gonna have the most fabulous future. . . after all, you so ambitious!"

When she realized he sounded just like Mrs. Hamma, Lali began to laugh.

"Are you" —Lali tried to keep from giggling, tried to pretend to speak in earnest— "sure there is some hope for me?"

"Oh, heavens, yes! You have shown such ability this" —William was beginning to lose control, laughing loudly—"semester!"

"But I want"—Lali was holding her sides with laughter—"some guarantee of this. I got to know."

"Please, Miss Lali." William was laughing so hard tears were coming to his eyes. "After. . . after all, you now a member in good standing. . . of the promised future!"

William and Lali broke into uncontrollable laughter, swaying and limping, oblivious to the scene they created for the people who stared and pointed at them as they continued on their way to Rudi's.

From *In Nueva York* (Houston, TX: Arte Publico Press, University of Houston, 1977). Reprinted by permission.

Activity 5

Lue Gim Gong, Horticulturist

An early morning mist shrouded Lung On Village. But Lue Gim Gong, afraid it was not enough to hide his escape, dared not leave the added shield of high grasses for the dirt path. Mud clung to his cloth shoes, dew drenched his cotton jacket and pants, and he shivered with cold and fear. His departure from the same village sixteen years earlier had been quite different —a blaze of sunshine and noisy farewells. Then he had been a boy of thirteen with a hunger for learning that neither his mother nor the village schoolteacher could satisfy. Now he was a sick man past his prime, a thief stealing his family honor. And only the knowledge that each step was taking him closer to "Mother Fanny" gave him the courage, the strength, to press on.

Lue had met Mother Fanny when he joined her Sunday school class at Calvin T. Sampson's shoe factory in North Adams, Massachusetts. A year earlier, Sampson had broken a strike of the nation's largest and most militant union, The Secret Order of St. Crispin, by bringing in 75 Chinese workers from San Francisco. There were fewer than 100 Chinese in the eastern states, and the crowd that met "Sampson's Chinese" at the station on June 13, 1870, was almost as curious as it was angry.

Taking no chances, however, Sampson hired thirty armed constables who cordoned off the train platform and shielded the Chinese (almost all teenage boys) from hurled stones as they marched the few blocks to a one-story building behind the factory. This building would be their home for the duration of their three-year contracts—and their prison during the first few weeks when it was too dangerous for them to leave.

As Sampson had intended, his recruitment of Chinese workers broke the union as well as the strike. While the Chinese worked in the assembly and pegging room, more than 200 non-union workers, most of them new immigrants from Europe and Canada, were hired to replace the Crispins in other areas of the factory. The following year there were no protests when Sampson brought in fifty more Chinese workers, among them Lue Gim Gong, or Lue, as he came to be known.

Sampson's idea of hiring Chinese workers was not original. The May 1869 issue of *Hide and Leather Interest,* a journal for manufacturers, had urged the creation of a national organization of employers to import immigrant labor, particularly Chinese, as strikebreakers. The editor of the North Adams newspaper agreed, but noted in an editorial on July 15, 1869: "We should exclude the Mongolians from this country altogether, or give them the rights of humanity after we have permitted them to come here. . . . Christianize and citizenize the Chinese by the touch of human kindness, and we shall succeed, for never yet did Christian effort fail."

The town's Methodist and Baptist ministers therefore organized a Sunday school to teach the Chinese to speak, read, and write English. They also taught simple arithmetic and "plenty of religion." Lue's teacher, Fanny Burlingame, came from a family of staunch Baptists. Forty-four years old, she was a brilliant mathematician and botanist and had been educated at the Wesleyan Young Ladies' Seminary in Macon, Georgia. She was, however, restricted by ill health to living at home and tutoring college aspirants in a little school house her father, a successful merchant, had built for her in their garden.

Struck by Lue's bright eyes, inquiring mind, and keen intelligence, Fanny quickly singled him out from her other Sunday school students. She extended his lessons from Sunday afternoons in the factory workers' dining room to evening sessions in her little school. Then she began to bring him into her home.

In his village, Lue had worked with his mother in the orange groves, where she taught him how to cross-pollinate blossoms and graft stock. In the Burlingame gardens and hothouse he worked with Fanny's father and eldest sister, Phoebe, testing, eliminating, and replacing poor stock. Lue's parents had only been able to send him to the village school for three years. Under Fanny's tutelage, he completed the equivalent of at least a high school education. Not surprisingly, while most of the other Chinese left North Adams after their contracts expired, Lue remained.

By then his relationship with Fanny had evolved from teacher and student to mother and son, and he was calling her Mother Fanny. Still working at the shoe factory, he spent all his free time at the Burlingame house, the YMCA reading room, and the First Baptist Church, where he was baptized. He also cut his queue and adopted Western clothing and manners.

Then, in 1886, he was diagnosed as consumptive. It was thought that walking backwards up the hill just outside of town could cure the disease. But Lue had watched Fanny's youngest sister die from consumption despite the walks. Hoping his life might be prolonged in the warmer climate of southern China, he went back to Lung On.

He found the village and the age-old beliefs intolerable. One of Lue's brothers, who had also been to America, had brought back a water pump. By pumping water uphill, he had been able to plant orange trees where only wild grass had grown. But when the trees came into bearing, the farmers in the next village had complained that the trees blocked their *fung-shui*, wind and water, and they had razed the grove. Lue's brother accepted the judgment. Lue could not.

Nor could he understand his mother's insistence that he marry. To him, taking a bride and fathering a son when he knew he was sick and could soon be dead was wrong. But his mother saw only the need for a son to make offerings to Lue's spirit. Ignoring his protests, she sought the help of a matchmaker and selected a bride. Lue had passively observed the betrothal agreement and exchange of gifts, but on his wedding morning, he finally took action, stealing away from the village under cover of the pre-dawn mist.

For the shame he brought on his family, Lue's name was struck from the family register. Years later Lue sent his mother a letter of apology and $500 for his betrothed who, according to custom, would not have been able to marry anyone else. But there was no reply, and his name was never restored.

Lue is, however, included in the official Burlingame genealogy as Fanny's adopted son. While Lue was in China, Fanny had joined her sister, Cynthia, and brother-in-law, William Dumville, in DeLand, Florida, where they owned five acres of orange groves. Wintering there eased Fanny's asthma and the symptoms of consumption that had surfaced shortly after Lue's departure. She arranged for him to join her.

For the next few years, he managed the orange grove and acted as manservant to Fanny's brother-in-law, who was sick with "creeping paralysis." After William's death in 1889, Lue and Fanny continued to winter in DeLand and summer in North Adams. He worked entirely in the groves, conducting citrus experiments and managing the additional property Fanny and Cynthia purchased.

Though Lue was supposed to be a part of the Burlingame family, his precise status was nebulous, even awkward. Lue acted more like a servant than an adopted son, passing out refreshments at parties and building fires at picnics.

"While it did not make him one of them, he was among those present," one acute observer concluded.

Tolerated by the Burlingames' friends, Lue was held in scorn by Chinese in North Adams and nearby Boston; they dismissed him as a poor farmer living off missionary kindness. While it was true that Lue received no salary, he did work, and so long as Fanny was alive, he was secure, for no one doubted their mutual devotion. But when she died in 1903, he was cast adrift.

Fanny's sisters refused to acknowledge Lue's claim to Fanny's share of the Burlingame estate. In the wrangling that followed, Lue calculated his wages for seventeen years of service. The final settlement gave him $12,000 and Cynthia's and Fanny's property in DeLand. It was a bitter victory, however, as he had to agree never again to return to North Adams.

Cut off from both his adopted and birth families, Lue sought to create his own. Seven years before Fanny's death, she had hired a young Swedish woman, Lagette Hagstrom, as companion and personal maid. Lagette, a pretty, blue-eyed blonde, charmed all who met her, including Lue. When he returned to DeLand a man of property, he proposed marriage.

Whether Lagette refused him or her father denied permission is not known, but there was no marriage. Nevertheless, Lagette permitted Lue to deed his newly acquired property to her. This included the land the Burlingame sisters had deeded him and an additional piece he purchased for $4,000 shortly after his return from North Adams, 115 acres in all. Then on

December 4, 1906, the morning of her wedding to an old family friend, Lagette deeded the property back to Lue. She died unexpectedly seven months later.

Shy and diffident, Lue withdrew into himself. Instead of attending services at the First Baptist Church, he prayed alone in his grove. There were visitors, of course, neighbors and business acquaintances, but his only real companions were his two horses, which he called his children. Increasingly lonely, he threw himself into his work. During his first winter in Florida, there had been a severe freeze, and Lue began experiments to develop an orange that would withstand sudden cold snaps. As described in the *Proceedings* of the American Pomological Society, Lue pollinated Harts Late with pollen from what was believed to be a Mediterranean Sweet tree. From the seeds that resulted, he raised twelve trees. Then he budded fifteen trees with this variety.

The oranges produced were good sized, full of juice, and hardy, enduring frosts with no apparent damage. The fruit was also capable of hanging on a tree through the rainy summer, allowing it to be held off the market until oranges were scarce and the highest price could be secured. Tests in 1909 proved the new orange's excellent shipping and keeping qualities, and growers hailed it as the year-round orange Florida needed to become competitive with the California citrus industry.

The prestigious Glen St. Mary Nurseries arranged to propagate and sell the finished trees. Lue's understanding was that he would receive a ten-cent royalty for each Lue Gim Gong tree propagated during the next four years. However, the written contract stipulated payment only for the trees sold. According to the nursery's sales brochure, "The contract price for the variety we believe far exceeds the price paid for any other orange or for any other fruit ever propagated in America." Lue claimed he received a mere $200, and he accused the nursery of deliberately holding off sales until the term of years expired.

Since Glen St. Mary Nurseries sold finished trees rather than budwood, a delay between the signing of the contract and the initial sales would have been unavoidable. The nursery might also have held up sales for marketing reasons. In the interim, testimonials from reputable growers were gathered and the Lue Gim Gong orange was submitted to the American Pomological Society for consideration for the distinguished Wilder Silver Medal, which it won in 1911, the same year the variety was finally marketed.

Controlling the budwood from which the trees were propagated was also difficult. As the nursery's proprietor, L. L. Taber, Jr., put it, "We did pretty well for about two years in controlling the Lue Gim Gong—after that it was a free-for-all," with people grafting other trees from stock purchased from Glen St. Mary Nurseries and even stealing grafts from Lue's grove. Though Lue lived up to his contract scrupulously—selling budwood only to the nursery—he unwittingly contributed to the problems by giving away budwood.

When well-known citrus grower William Chase Temple, impressed by the hardiness of the new orange, wanted to buy budwood for his own groves, Lue would not sell him a single bud. Instead, he offered to give him all he wanted for experimental purposes. Temple, not wanting to be under obligation, refused. While talking, he discovered that Lue had no Chinese ginger plants, so Temple sent him some from his own garden.

Touched by his thoughtfulness, Lue asked the grower if he would accept a gift of Lue Gim Gong oranges as a token of his appreciation. When Temple said yes, Lue shipped him twelve oranges, each cut from the tree with a foot of precious budwood, enough to bud 100 branches.

As the number of Lue Gim Gong trees multiplied into the tens of thousands, Lue's fame spread. His belief that he had been wronged by Glen St. Mary Nurseries deepened, and when he developed the Gim Gong grapefruit (by crossing the common Florida grapefruit with the hardy perennial trifoliate orange), he refused to sell the rights, giving away the budwood instead.

The crop from Lue's grove, in its prime, should have generated an annual income of approximately $6,000, yet he could not meet his expenses. The thousands of visitors who came to see the "citrus wizard" each year always left with free samples. Also, while the industry in Florida was becoming more sophisticated, with growers marketing collectively through an exchange, Lue was mistrustful of relinquishing any control and refused to participate. And he was continually being cheated by unscrupulous independent distributors.

"Poor Lue defaulted 306 times by the American," he wrote the editor of the *Florida Grower*. "I not able stand no more. I must have the honest and honorable money to pay my bills. Helping poor solitary destitute Lue all alone in DeLand and in the world. God bless you all."

The editor published the letter in the January 31, 1917, issue, adding a plea of his own: "We are confronted with the lamentable fact that another American citizen has cheated the poor, helpless Chinaman, and I feel bitter humiliation that this should be a fact. I somehow feel a measure of guilt, of a sense of responsibility in this case, not so much as an individual as an American citizen."

Pointing out that the unpaid bill would be covered if 200 readers each contributed a dollar, the editor continued: "Let us give this meek and lowly man a square deal and make him realize that there is something more than mere words in the Christianity he has adopted from the white man. Do not delay, he needs the money and he needs it now. With Lue Gim Gong I say, 'God bless you.' "

Florida growers, though suffering losses from a freeze that winter, responded generously. Well over $200 was collected. It was not enough. Lue was forced to mortgage part, and then all, of his property.

Still experimenting, Lue developed many unusual plant combinations in his garden, including a rosebush that put forth seventeen different varieties in seven different colors, all from a single root. In 1921, the press widely reported his perfection of a unique, perfumed grapefruit. Twenty-one inches in circumference, the fruit resembled a shaddock. The sections were apparently too woody to eat, but a single grapefruit, when ripe, filled an entire room with its sweet, clean odor, and the skin could be made into a delectable crystallized candy and pickle. He also invented an all-purpose salve for treating a host of ailments including burns, skin diseases, mange, hemorrhoids, and nettle rash.

These creations did not bring Lue the money he needed, however, and his grove became so run-down that his crop in 1921 netted only $1,400. The entire proceeds had to be applied to the interest on his mortgages; when the loans came due, he could not pay them.

The *Florida Grower* again came to his rescue with a scheme to raise $6,000 through $100 bonds. The DeLand and North Adams newspapers also took up the cause. S. M. Moore, of the Tampa West Coast Realty Company, spoke for many when he wrote: "If the men who are interested in the citrus industry of this state, even in a small way, would consider just a minute what a benefit this fine old man has been to the industry, surely everyone would subscribe $100 or more to this fund. While it is an investment, with good security, it is also a debt we owe Lue Gim Gong. Let's don't fail to get up the entire amount necessary."

Donations—prompted by admiration, respect, and pity—trickled in from growers, strangers who had visited the grove, people who had known Lue in happier days in North Adams. The money saved his home and provided financial security for his few remaining years. But he had to wait for death—on June 3, 1925—to release him from the loneliness he had endured since Mother Fanny's death.

From *Chinese-American Portraits* by Ruthanne Lum McCunn (San Francisco, CA: Chronicle Books, 1988).

Activity 6

The Negro Speaks of Rivers

By Langston Hughes

I've known rivers:
I've known rivers ancient as the world and older than the flow
of human blood in human veins.

My soul has grown deep like the rivers.

I bathed in the Euphrates when dawns were young.
I built my hut near the Congo and it lulled me to sleep.
I looked upon the Nile and raised the pyramids above it.
I heard the singing of the Mississippi when Abe Lincoln
went down to New Orleans, and I've seen its muddy
bosom turn all golden in the sunset.

I've known rivers:
Ancient, dusky rivers.

My soul has grown deep like the rivers.

From *The Dream Keeper and Other Poems,* by Langston Hughes. Copyright 1932 by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. Renewed 1960 by Langston Hughes.

Dreams

By Langston Hughes

Hold fast to dreams
For if dreams die
Life is a broken-winged bird
That cannot fly.

Hold fast to dreams
For when dreams go
Life is a barren field
Frozen with snow.

From *The Dream Keeper and Other Poems*, by Langston Hughes. Copyright 1932 by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. Renewed 1960 by Langston Hughes.

Activity 7

My Heart Feels Like Bursting

A Speech by Satanta, Kiowa Chief

Satanta's speech was given in 1867 to the United States commissioners at the great council at Medicine Lodge Creek, Kansas, where chiefs of some Plains tribes, including Satanta, accepted a treaty limiting where their people could live and hunt.

> I love the land and the buffalo and will not part with it. I want you to understand well what I say. Write it on paper. . . . I hear a great deal of good talk from the gentlemen whom the Great Father sends us, but they never do what they say. I don't want any of the medicine lodges within the country. I want the children raised as I was. . . .
>
> I have heard that you intend to settle us on a reservation near the mountains. I don't want to settle. I love to roam over the prairies. There I feel free and happy, but when we settle down we grow pale and die. I have laid aside my lance bow, and shield, and yet I feel safe in your presence. I have told you the truth. I have no little lies hid about me, but I don't know how it is with the commissioners. Are they as clear as I am? A long time ago this land belonged to our fathers; but when I go up to the river I see camps of soldiers on its banks. These soldiers cut down my timber; they kill my buffalo; and when I see that, my heart feels like bursting; I feel sorry. I have spoken.

Activity 8

Article from *Jewish Daily Forward,* March 26, 1911

MORGUE FILLED WITH OUR CASUALTIES!

175 Workers Lose Their Lives in a Burning Shirtwaist Factory.

The three top floors of a ten-story building on Washington Place, where the Triangle Waist Co. has its shops, destroyed by flames. Firemen with their ladders cannot reach the poor workers perched on windows trying to save themselves. Many holding on to the windows forced to jump as the fire reaches their hands and they fall from up high to their deaths. 141 dead in morgue. 56 bodies unidentifiable. Mothers and relatives weep and wail at site of tragedy.

175 workers—men, women and children—perished yesterday by fire that broke out at 33 Washington Place. Many were consumed by the fire, and many fell from the windows.

The fire broke out at 5:30 P.M. just after the quitting bell rang. The building is ten stories high. The top three are occupied by the Triangle Waist Company, and the fire started in that factory.

The flames spread very fast. A stream of fire tore up through the elevator shaft and stairways to the upper floors. Fire instantly appeared at all windows, and tongues of flames crept higher and higher along the walls to where little groups of terrified girls, workers, stood in confusion.

The fire grew stronger, fiercer, bigger. The workers on the top floor could no longer tolerate the heat, and one after the other, jumped from the 8th, 9th and 10th floors to the sidewalks where they piled up dead. And when a mound of dead had already accumulated, the first fire truck arrived.

The firemen were helpless to deal with the fire. Ladders reached only to the 7th floor. The firemen stood about forlorn and stared as one woman after another fell from the burning building.

The first to jump were women. The men hung on longer.

And below, screaming and howling, thousands of laborers from surrounding factories. At the 8th floor window appears a young man and a young woman.

He holds her tightly by the hand. Behind them, the red fire. The young man lets go. She springs. She hits the sidewalk hard. The next instant he jumps and his body falls hard next to hers.

Reprinted in *The Triangle Fire*, by Leo Stein, 1962 (Philadelphia, PA: J.B. Lippincott, 1962. Reprinted by Carroll & Graf, New York, 1985).

Funeral Speech by Rose Schneiderman, Leader of an Earlier Union Strike at the Triangle Shirtwaist Factory

. . . I would be a traitor to those poor burned bodies if I were to come here to talk good fellowship. We have tried you good people of the public—and we have found you wanting.

The old Inquisition had its rack and its thumbscrews and its instruments of torture with iron teeth. We know what these things are today: The iron teeth are our necessities, the thumbscrews are the high-powered and swift machinery close to which we must work, and the rack is here in the firetrap structures that will destroy us the minute they catch fire.

This is not the first time girls have been burned alive in this city. Every week I must learn of the untimely death of one of my sister workers. Every year thousands of us are maimed. The life of men and women is so cheap and property is so sacred! There are so many of us for one job, it matters little if 140-odd are burned to death.

We have tried you, citizens! We are trying you now and you have a couple of dollars for the sorrowing mothers and brothers and sisters by way of a charity gift. But every time the workers come out in the only way they know to protest against conditions which are unbearable, the strong hand of the law is allowed to press down heavily upon us.

Public officials have only words of warning for us—warning that we must be intensely orderly and must be intensely peaceable, and they have the workhouse just back of all their warnings. The strong hand of the law beats us back when we rise—back into the conditions that make life unbearable.

I can't talk fellowship to you who are gathered here. Too much blood has been spilled. I know from experience it is up to the working people to save themselves. And the only way is through a strong working-class movement.

Reprinted in *The Triangle Fire*, by Leo Stein, 1962 (Philadelphia, PA: J.B. Lippincott, 1962. Reprinted by Carroll & Graf, New York, 1985).

Activity 9

At Play

By Russell Freedman

When kids had free time to meet friends, play games, or just hang out, they took to the streets.

Romping through crowded city streets, kids hitched rides on the backs of horse-drawn trolleys, tagged after wandering musicians, and watched cops settle arguments. They listened to fiery soapbox orators and itinerant peddlers of patent medicines that were guaranteed to cure anything. They chased fire trucks, held secret meetings in alleyways, and pitched coins against buildings.

Almost any game could be played in the streets. No game was more popular than baseball, America's national pastime. Many immigrant kids became baseball fanatics. A detailed knowledge of baseball heroes and statistics was their badge as true Americans.

Where there wasn't enough space for regular baseball games, kids played stickball. The bat—a stick or a broom handle—was used to hit a rubber ball pitched on a bounce. The bases and home plate were marked with chalk on each sidewalk and in the middle of the street. Outfielders were stationed down at the far end of the block. Players spent half their time arguing whether the play had been hampered by passing vehicles and pedestrians.

Sophie Ruskay has described the different street games played by boys and girls:

> Children owned the streets in a way unthinkable to city children of today. There were a few parks, but too distant to be of any use, and so the street was the common playground. The separation of boys and girls so rigidly carried out in the public school also held on the street. Boys played with boys, girls with girls. Occasionally we girls might stand on the sidelines and watch the boys play their games, but our presence was usually ignored. There was no doubt about it, girls were considered inferior creatures. The athletic girl, the girl who would fearlessly decide on a career or even demand the right to study a profession, was still unknown. . . .
>
> We girls played only girls' games. Tagging after us sometimes were our little brothers and sisters whom we were supposed to mind, but that was no great hardship. We would toss them our beanbags, little cloth containers filled with cherry pits. . . . Then we would proceed to our game of potsy. Mama didn't like me to play potsy. She thought it

"disgraceful" to mark up our sidewalk with chalk for our lines and boxes. Besides, hopping on one foot and pushing the thick piece of tin, I managed to wear out a pair of shoes in a few weeks! I obeyed her wishes in my own way, by playing farther down the street and marking up somebody else's sidewalk.

Neither my friends nor I played much with dolls. Since families generally had at least one baby on hand, we girls had plenty of opportunity to shower upon the baby brothers or sisters the tenderness and love that would otherwise have been diverted to dolls. Besides, dolls were expensive.

One event that attracted boys and girls alike was the appearance of the organ grinder, a wandering street musician who carried a heavy hand organ, called a "hurdy-gurdy." As the organ grinder turned a crank, his hurdy-gurdy plunked out the cheerful melody of a European folk song. Some organ grinders traveled with a monkey on a leash. The monkey rode on the musician's shoulder, wearing an embroidered coat and a miniature bellhop's cap. When a crowd gathered, the monkey jumped down to the sidewalk where he collected pennies with one hand while tipping his cap with the other.

Another popular figure was the soda vendor. He traveled from street to street with a gleaming metal container strapped to his back, selling sweet, cool soda by the glass. Most of his customers were working adults, who would pause for a moment's refreshment. The admiring kids who followed the vendor around could not usually afford to buy his soda.

The iceman also showed up regularly. In the days before modern refrigeration, city families kept perishable foods in the icebox. A big chunk of ice was placed in an insulated compartment at the top of the icebox, while food was stored on the shelves below. When the iceman came down the street in his horse-drawn wagon, kids were sent by the mothers to meet him. They waited while he used a sharp handsaw to cut a chunk of ice off a huge frozen block. Then a kid would stoop over, grab the cold, slippery chunk with both hands, lift if from the sidewalk, and lug it up four or five flights of stairs to mother in the kitchen.

On hot summer days, the iceman was the most popular person around. Kids would crowd around him, begging for cold slivers to suck on or to rub across their sweating faces. Sometimes the sanitation man would show up to turn on water hydrants and flush out the gutters. Then kids could kick off their shoes and dance and shout in the fiercely gushing water.

A few children went to summer camps sponsored by the Children's Aid Society and other public service agencies. But most kids spent their summers in the city, working when they had to, playing when they could. For them, a visit to a nearby amusement park was a big event.

There was always something to do. An imaginative youngster could simply stand at a window and play tricks on the people down below.

Samuel Chotzinoff was an immigrant boy who grew up in a tenement apartment overlooking the big fountain in Rutgers Square, a busy New York City intersection:

> Standing unobserved at one's window, one could focus a burning glass on the face of a person resting on the stone bench of the fountain and relish his annoyance and anger as he tried helplessly to locate his tormentor. From the same vantage point, one could let down a weight attached to a long string, conk the head of a passerby, and draw up the missile before the victim could look around for the offender, or, with the aid of an accomplice stationed at the curb, stretch a string head-high across the sidewalk, which, unseen by some unsuspecting pedestrian, would lift his straw hat or derby from his head and send it rolling down the street.

Immigrant kids who played street games at the turn of the century grew up to take their places in the daily life of America. They were the first generation in their families to feel truly at home in this country. Today they are old people, those of them who are still alive. They are the great-grandparents of millions of American boys and girls growing up today.

Immigrants still come to America. Since World War II, more than 8 million immigrants have entered the country. While this is a small number compared to the mass migration at the turn of the century, the United States continues to admit more immigrants than any other nation.

Many of today's immigrants come from countries within the Western Hemisphere, and from Asia and Africa as well as Europe. When they reach the United States, they face many of the same problems and hardships that have always confronted newcomers. And they come here for the same reason that immigrants have always come: to seek a better life for themselves and their children.

From *Immigrant Kids,* by Russell Freedman (New York: E.P. Dutton, 1980). Quotation by Samuel Chotzinoff excerpted from *A Lost Paradise* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1975).

Activity 10

"Carl Mason," From *A History of Shadows*

By Robert Charles Reinhart

Lily Gusmin was probably the funniest woman I ever met. How she loved the boys. I was younger than you—twenty-five or so—when I was a regular at her place. I'd met a dancer, Frank or some such name, who was dancing in a musical called *Shady Lady*. And before you ask, a "shady lady" was a woman whose reputation was somewhat under a cloud. Frank met Lily because she had some money in the show.

At all events, he took me up to Lily's one evening for one of what she used to call her "boys' nights."

No, there was nothing condescending about that. She was a wonderful hostess and never patronizing. We were good company for her. Lily could tell a story with the best of them, and she always had gin when most of us were too poor to buy it. It was the first year of repeal and we felt obliged to drink, I suppose because it had become a classy thing to do during Prohibition. Cole's wife, Linda, had taught Lily to make the best martini in Manhattan.

I know the name is not much used these days, but I always think of the city as Manhattan. In the thirties the word had an aura of glamour. Remember, we were all expatriates at Lily's. We'd all fled places like Dubuque, East Armpit, Des Moines. . . . Well, you get the idea. I'd come for the music, but most of the guys I knew had come because they'd been tossed out of home for being gay, or they couldn't live freely in their home towns. Homosexuality created a lot of expatriates. It still does, I would imagine. Also, when one is leaving Keokuk, an exit line like "I'm going to live in Manhattan" has a nice ring to it.

And there we were in ol' Lil's Beekman Place apartment sucking up her gin. We were in Manhattan with that view of the Queensboro Bridge that MGM used as the backdrop for every apartment where the rich lived.

It was I who introduced Wesley into Lil's circle. I had another reason for going besides Lil and her gin. I went because I had a crush on Teddy. I worshipped from a distance. Teddy was ferociously guarded by Robert.

Oh, you'll hear a good deal about Teddy because we all loved him. Mostly, I suppose, because Teddy belonged to himself, in ways we didn't quite understand but probably envied. But Teddy wasn't his own man because he'd chosen to be: he'd had to become so.

It might help you understand if you could see him. Go in the bedroom, and to the left of the mirror there's a picture of two people. One is me, the dazzler is Teddy.

He was one of the most beautiful men I've ever known: the open smile, the complete candor of the eyes, the very fair hair. He had it cut in the British fashion of the time. . . longer than American and combed in wings over the ears.

Teddy had created himself. That's why he belonged to himself. He came from somewhere in the Midwest. When he was in his teens his family found out he was gay. For a while they threatened to institutionalize him as insane. If they hadn't feared the scandal and gossip, they would have. So they let him remain at home, they just didn't speak to him. For over two years he was "sent to Coventry," as the British say. In his last year in high school he was beaten up by some men and nearly killed. He spent over two months in the hospital. No one came to see him. The day he was released from the hospital, he was handed an envelope by the nurse. It contained a Greyhound ticket to New York and twenty dollars. No note. None needed. He knew it was from his family. Not an altogether unfair amount in those days.

Teddy was always very funny about it. Mordant, but funny. As he used to say, when his family stopped talking to him he stopped hearing that he was inept, a sissy, and doomed to failure. Many adults complain that their parents ignored them, not realizing that they might have been spared a lot of punishment.

So Teddy had to create himself, make himself up, as it were. So he created a happy, charming man, and he always had a sure sense of what made him look attractive. It made him somewhat outrageous for those times, but it was right for him. He somehow perfected himself. Imagine being one's own Pygmalion.

From *A History of Shadows*, by Robert Reinhart (Boston: Alyson Publications, Inc., 1986), p. 91.

Activity 11

Of Dry Goods[1] and Black Bow Ties

By Yoshiko Uchida

Long after reaching the age of sixty, when my father was persuaded at last to wear a conservative four-in-hand tie,[2] it was not because of his family's urging, but because Mr. Shimada (I shall call him that) had died. Until then, for some forty years, my father had always worn a plain black bow tie, a formality which was required on his first job in America and which he had continued to observe as faithfully as his father before him had worn his samurai[3] sword.

My father came to America in 1906 when he was not yet twenty-one. Sailing from Japan on a small six-thousand-ton ship which was buffeted all the way by rough seas, he landed in Seattle on a bleak January day. He revived himself with the first solid meal he had enjoyed in many days, and then allowed himself one day of rest to restore his sagging spirits. Early on the second morning, wearing a stiff new bowler,[4] he went to see Mr. Shozo Shimada to whom he carried a letter of recommendation.

At that time, Shozo Shimada was Seattle's most successful Japanese business man. He owned a chain of dry goods stores which extended not only from Vancouver to Portland, but to cities in Japan as well. He had come to America in 1880, penniless but enterprising, and sought work as a laborer. It wasn't long, however, before he saw the futility of trying to compete with American laborers whose bodies were twice his in muscle and bulk. He knew he would never go far as a laborer, but he did possess another skill that could give him a start toward better things. He knew how to sew. It was a matter of expediency over masculine pride. He set aside his shovel, bought a second-hand sewing machine, and hung a dressmaker's sign in his window. He was in business.

In those days, there were some Japanese women in Seattle who had neither homes nor families nor sewing machines, and were delighted to find a friendly Japanese person to do some sewing for them. They flocked to Mr. Shimada with bolts of cloth, elated to discover a dressmaker who could speak their native tongue and, although a male, sew Western-styled dresses for them.

Mr. Shimada acquainted himself with the fine points of turning a seam, fitting sleeves, and coping with the slippery folds of satin, and soon the women ordered enough dresses to keep him thriving and able to establish a healthy bank account. He became a trusted friend and confidant to many of them and soon they began to bring him what money they earned for safekeeping.

"Keep our money for us, Shimada-san,"[5] they urged, refusing to go to

American banks whose tellers spoke in a language they could not understand.

At first the money accumulated slowly and Mr. Shimada used a pair of old socks as a repository, stuffing them into a far corner of his drawer beneath his union suits. But after a time, Mr. Shimada's private bank began to overflow and he soon found it necessary to replenish his supply of socks.

He went to a small dry goods store downtown, and as he glanced about at the buttons, threads, needles and laces, it occurred to him that he owed it to the women to invest their savings in a business venture with more future than the dark recesses of his bureau drawer. That night he called a group of them together.

"Think, ladies," he began. "What are the two basic needs of the Japanese living in Seattle? Clothes to wear and food to eat," he answered himself. "Is that not right? Every man must buy a shirt to put on his back and pickles and rice for his stomach."

The women marveled at Mr. Shimada's cleverness as he spread before them his fine plans for a Japanese dry goods store that would not only carry everything available in an American dry goods store, but Japanese foodstuff as well. That was the beginning of the first Shimada Dry Goods Store on State Street.

By the time my father appeared, Mr. Shimada had long since abandoned his sewing machine and was well on his way to becoming a business tycoon. Although he had opened cautiously with such stock items as ginghams, flannel, handkerchiefs, socks, shirts, overalls, umbrellas and ladies' silk and cotton stockings, he now carried tins of salt rice crackers, bottles of soy sauce, vinegar, ginger root, fish-paste cakes, bean paste, Japanese pickles, dried mushrooms, salt fish, red beans, and just about every item of canned food that could be shipped from Japan. In addition, his was the first Japanese store to install a U.S. Post Office Station, and he therefore flew an American flag in front of the large sign that bore the name of his shop.

When my father first saw the big American flag fluttering in front of Mr. Shimada's shop, he was overcome with admiration and awe. He expected that Mr. Shozo Shimada would be the finest of Americanized Japanese gentlemen, and when he met him, he was not disappointed.

Although Mr. Shimada was not very tall, he gave the illusion of height because of his erect carriage. He wore a spotless black alpaca suit, an immaculate white shirt and a white collar so stiff it might have overcome a lesser man. He also wore a black bow tie, black shoes that buttoned up the side and a gold watch whose thick chain looped grandly on his vest. He was probably in his fifties then, a ruddy-faced man whose hair, already turning white, was parted carefully in the center. He was an imposing figure to confront a young man fresh from Japan with scarcely a future to look forward to. My father bowed, summoned as much dignity as he could muster, and presented the letter of introduction he carried to him.

Mr. Shimada was quick to sense

his need. "Do you know anything about bookkeeping?" he inquired.

"I intend to go to night school to learn this very skill," my father answered.

Mr. Shimada could assess a man's qualities in a very few minutes. He looked my father straight in the eye and said, "Consider yourself hired." Then he added, "I have a few basic rules. My employees must at all times wear a clean white shirt and a black bow tie. They must answer the telephone promptly with the words, 'Good morning or good afternoon, Shimada's Dry Goods,' and they must always treat each customer with respect. It never hurts to be polite," he said thoughtfully. "One never knows when one might be indebted to even the lowliest of beggars."

My father was impressed with these modest words from a man of such success. He accepted them with a sense of mission and from that day was committed to white shirts and black bow ties, and treated every customer, no matter how humble, with respect and courtesy. When, in later years, he had his own home, he never failed to answer the phone before it could ring twice if at all possible.

My father worked with Mr. Shimada for ten years, becoming first the buyer for his Seattle store and later, manager of the Portland branch. During this time Mr. Shimada continued on a course of exhilarated expansion. He established two Japanese banks in Seattle, bought a fifteen-room house outside the dreary confines of the Japanese community and dressed his wife and daughter in velvets and ostrich feathers. When his daughter became eighteen, he sent her to study in Paris, and the party he gave on the eve of her departure, with musicians, as well as caterers to serve roast turkey, venison, baked ham and champagne, seemed to verify rumors that he had become one of the first Japanese millionaires of America.

In spite of his phenomenal success, however, Mr. Shimada never forgot his early friends nor lost any of his generosity, and this, ironically enough, was his undoing. Many of the women for whom he had once sewn dresses were now well established, and they came to him requesting loans with which they and their husbands might open grocery stores and laundries and shoe repair shops. Mr. Shimada helped them all and never demanded any collateral. He operated his banks on faith and trust and gave no thought to such common prudence as maintaining a reserve.When my father was called to a new position with a large Japanese firm in San Francisco, Mr. Shimada came down to Portland to extend personally his good wishes. He took Father to a Chinese dinner and told him over the peanut duck and chow mein that he would like always to be considered a friend.

"If I can ever be of assistance to you," he said, "don't ever hesitate to call." And with a firm shake of the hand, he wished my father well.

That was in 1916. My father wrote regularly to Mr. Shimada telling him of his new job, of his bride, and later, of his two children. Mr. Shimada did not write often, but each Christmas he sent a box of Oregon apples and pears, and at

New Year's a slab of heavy white rice paste from his Seattle shop.

In 1929 the letters and gifts stopped coming and Father learned from friends in Seattle that both of Mr. Shimada's banks had failed.[6] He immediately dispatched a letter to Mr. Shimada, but it was returned unopened. The next news he had was that Mr. Shimada had had to sell all of his shops. My father was now manager of the San Francisco branch of his firm. He wrote once more asking Mr. Shimada if there was anything he could do to help. The letter did not come back, but there was no reply, and my father did not write again. After all, how do you offer help to the head of a fallen empire? It seemed almost irreverent.

It was many years later that Mr. Shimada appeared one night at our home in Berkeley.[7] In the dim light of the front porch my mother was startled to see an elderly gentleman wearing striped pants, a morning coat[8] and a shabby black hat. In his hand he carried a small black satchel. When she invited him inside, she saw that the morning coat was faded, and his shoes badly in need of a shine.

"I am Shimada," he announced with a courtly bow, and it was my mother who felt inadequate to the occasion. She hurriedly pulled off her apron and went to call my father. When he heard who was in the living room, he put on his coat and tie before going out to greet his old friend.

Mr. Shimada spoke to them about Father's friends in Seattle and about his daughter who was now married and living in Denver. He spoke of a typhoon that had recently swept over Japan, and he drank the tea my mother served and ate a piece of her chocolate cake. Only then did he open his black satchel.

"I thought your girls might enjoy these books," he said, as he drew out a brochure describing *The Book of Knowledge.*

"Fourteen volumes that will tell them of the wonders of this world." He spread his arms in a magnificent gesture that recalled his eloquence of the past. "I wish I could give them to your children as a personal gift," he added softly.

Without asking the price of the set, my father wrote a check for one hundred dollars and give it to Mr. Shimada.

Mr. Shimada glanced at the check and said, "You have given me fifty dollars too much." He seemed troubled for only a moment, however, and quickly added, "Ah, the balance is for a deposit, is it? Very well, yours will be the first deposit in my next bank."

"Is your home still in Seattle then?" Father asked cautiously.

"I am living there, yes," Mr. Shimada answered.

And then, suddenly overcome with memories of the past, he spoke in a voice so low he could scarcely be heard.

"I paid back every cent," he murmured. "It took ten years, but I paid it back. All of it. I owe nothing."

"You are a true gentleman, Shimada-san," Father said. "You always will be." Then he pointed to the black tie he wore, saying, "You see, I am still one of the Shimada men."

That was the last time my father saw Shozo Shimada. Some time later he heard that he had returned to Japan as penniless as the day he set out for America.

It wasn't until the Christmas after we heard of Mr. Shimada's death that I ventured to give my father a silk four-in-hand tie. It was charcoal gray and flecked with threads of silver. My father looked at it for a long time before he tried it on, and then, fingering it gently, he said, "Well, perhaps it is time now that I put away my black bow ties."

1. dry goods: cloth, lace, thread, buttons, and so forth.
2. four-in-hand tie: necktie.
3. samurai: members of a military class in feudal Japan who wore two swords.
4. bowler: derby hat.
5. san: respectful Japanese suffix added to names and titles.
6. In 1929 the Great Depression began.
7. Berkeley: city in California, on San Francisco Bay.
8. morning coat: jacket with tails used for formal occasions.

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Activity 12

My Polish Grandmother

By Edward Field

Grandma and the children left at night.
It was forbidden to go. In those days
the Czar and his cossacks rode through the town at whim
killing Jews and setting fire to straw roofs
while just down the road the local Poles
sat laughing as they drank liquor.

Grandpa had gone to America first
and earned the money for the rest of the family to come over.
So they left finally, the whole brood of them
with the hired agent running the show,
an impatient man, and there were so many kids
and the bundles kept falling apart
and poor grandma was frightened of him.

She gave the man all the money
but she couldn't round up the kids fast enough for him.
They were children after all and didn't understand
and she was so stupid and clumsy herself,
carrying food for all of them and their clothes
and could she leave behind her pots?
Her legs hurt already; they were always swollen
from the hard work, the childbearing, and the cold.

They caught the train and there was a terrible moment
when the conductor came by for the tickets:
The children mustn't speak or he would know they were Jewish,
they had no permits to travel—Jews weren't allowed.
But the agent knew how to handle it.
Everybody got *shmeared,* that means money got you everywhere.

The border was the worst. They had to sneak across at night.
The children mustn't make a sound, not even the babies.
Momma was six and she didn't want to do anything wrong,
but she wasn't sure what to do.
The man led them through the woods,
and beyond they could hear dogs barking from the sentry hut,
and then they had to run all of them down the ravine to the other side,
grandma broken down from childbearing with her bundles
and bad legs and a baby in her arms,
they ran all the children across the border

or the guards might shoot them
and if the little ones cried, the agent said he would smother them.

They got to a port finally.
Grandpa had arranged for cabin passage, not steerage,
but the agent cheated and put them in the hold,
so they were on the low deck looking up at the rich people.
My momma told me how grandma took care of all her children,
how Jake didn't move anymore he was so seasick, maybe even dead,
and if people thought he was dead,
they would throw him overboard like garbage, so she hid him.
The rich tossed down oranges to the poor children—
my momma had never had one before.

They came to New York, to the tenements,
a fearful new place, a city, country people in the city.
My momma, who had been roly-poly in slow Poland,
got skinny and pimply in zippy New York.
Everybody grew up in a new way.
And now my grandma is dead and my momma is old
and we her children are all scattered over the earth
speaking a different language and forgetting
why it was so important
to go to a new country.

From *A Full Heart*, by Edward Field (Riverdale-on-Hudson, NY: Sheep Meadow Press, 1977).

Activity 13

Grandma, Please Don't Come

By Jesus Colon

Please, grandma, don't come!

I know they have sent you the airplane ticket, and a dress just your size with black and white squares all over the beautiful taffeta silk. But please, grandma, don't come!

They have sent you the photographs of your little darling grandchildren born in New York. True, you have not seen them yet. You would like to leave your tropical sun and mountains and the little rivulet bathing the base of the fence in your backyard and the tall avocado tree right by your kitchen door, just to see and embrace those darling grandchildren. But again, I say, grandma, please don't come!

I know you are not well-to-do. But you have been living on what your sons and daughters send you every month from the States. I know there is need and poverty around you. And discrimination and economic and cultural oppression there. Something called imperialism sees to it that these things are not wiped out. But I think this is not the kind of letter in which I should go all out and try to explain to you why some people are so terribly interested in keeping people poor and ignorant. Still I think I ought to tell you that the most important men and forces interested in keeping people poor and ignorant and fighting wars one against the other, have their offices in one short street in this New York to which your relatives are trying to bring you. The many companies with offices in that street and their counterparts in other great cities own the United States and of course, Puerto Rico. Eisenhower and Munoz Marin do what they ask them to do. It might sound ridiculously amazing to you. But believe me, grandma, this is nevertheless a fact. But enough of this "deep" stuff for today. All I am asking you, grandma, today, is please don't come!

Yes, it is nice here in a way. It is nice if you are young and willing and able to go down five flights of stairs two or three times a day. If you can "take it" in a crowded subway where you are squeezed in tight twice a day as if you were a cork in a bottle. It is all right in a way—and remember—I only say in a way—for young strong people. We come to New York young and leave old and tired. All the fun and joy of life extracted from us by the hurry-up machine way of living we are forced to live here. In Puerto Rico, nobody pushes you, you walk slowly as if the day had 48 hours. Persons completely unknown to you say: "Buenos Dias" ("Good morning"), with a reverence and a calmness in their voices that reveals centuries of a quiescent, reposed, unhurried way of life.

No matter how many photographs they sent you of Times Square at night, or the Coney Island

Boardwalk, grandma, please tell them "NO." A forceful, definite "NO." All those things you have not seen are lots of fun. Don't misunderstand me. New York has many things that are grand. But at your age you will not really be able to enjoy them. You know what snow is? What sleet and snow is? The real physical burden of 20 additional pounds of calico and muslin on your old bones? Puerto Rico's climate doesn't require any more. Grandma, please don't come!

You should see hundreds of Puerto Rican grandmas like you on a wintry snowy day, standing by the window and watching the snow fall, as Ramito our folk singer said when he came here: "Like coconut flakes falling from the sky." At the beginning snow is a novelty. But after you have seen it once or twice, you wish you were back in Puerto Rico, looking out at your avocado tree and at the tall dignified royal palm piercing the deep blue Caribbean sky with its sheer beauty.

In Puerto Rico you will be chatting your head off in your own language with the other grandmothers. Nobody will shout at you: "Why don't you talk United States?" Or even threaten you with a beating because you are speaking Spanish. It has been done, you know. People have been killed because they are heard speaking Spanish. So, grandma, please don't come!

You will be looking so sad, so despondent, so alone when everybody goes to work and you are left all by yourself in an apartment peering through a window at the passersby down below as they go back and forth splashing the gray, dirty, cold snow in the street and on the sidewalk!

All people, North Americans and Puerto Ricans alike, are looking to the day when they can spend the last years of their lives on a tropical isle—a paradise on earth surrounded by clear blue sea imprisoned in a belt of golden beaches. A land perfumed with nature's choicest fragrances. For many of us this is a dream that will never be realized. The boasted "American way of life" has taken out of us the best of our energies to reach that dream.

Grandma, you are there on that beautiful isle. You were born there. You have been there all your life. You now have what most people here can only dream about. Don't let sentimental letters and life-colored photographs lure you from your island, from your nation, from yourself. Grandma, please, please! DO NOT COME!

From *The Puerto Rican in New York and Other Sketches* (New York: International Publishers, 1982).

Activity 14

The Tropics in New York

By Claude McKay

Bananas ripe and green, and ginger-root,
Cocoa in pods and alligator pears,
And tangerines and mangoes and grape fruit,
Fit for the highest prize at parish fairs,

Set in the window, bringing memories
Of fruit-trees laden by low-singing rills,
And dewy dawns, and mystical blue skies
In benediction over nun-like hills.

My eyes grew dim, and I could no more gaze;
A wave of longing through my body swept,
And, hungry for the old, familiar ways
I turned aside and bowed my head and wept.

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Jamaica Farewell

By Irving Burgie

Down the way where the nights are gay
An' the sun shines daily on the mountain top,
I took a trip on a sailing ship,
An' when I reached Jamaica I made a stop.

CHORUS:
But I'm sad to say, I'm on my way,
Won't be back for many a day,
My heart is down, my head is turning around,
I had to leave a little girl in Kingston town.

Sounds of laughter everywhere
An' the dancing girls swaying to an' fro,
I must declare that my heart is there,
Tho' I've been from Maine to Mexico.

(CHORUS REPEATS)

Down at the market you can hear
Ladies cry out while on their heads they bear,
Ackie, rice, salt fish are nice
An' the rum is fine any time of year.

(CHORUS REPEATS)

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Activity 15

Riccardo Massoni, Arrived in America 1939

My cousin and I decided to start seriously approaching our problems. First the language. We used to go to Forty-second Street movies for a quarter. We'd watch the same movie three, four, or five times. It was the only way. We would grasp first the ideas of the movie and then concentrate on certain parts to learn the words and meaning. Not with a dictionary, just to get the ear accustomed and then look at it again, and then it would come back a little bit more. By the third or fourth time we would grasp certain expressions. At first it was just a jumble—"Brrrrr," it sounded like this. Then a little more. We could distinguish a few words here and there, and then little by little from a common sound we could distinguish a few words until they made sense. I had had a couple of years of English in school, but everything was different. It was hard for me to understand the spoken word, and when you don't understand, it feels like a jumble. So that was difficult.

I was looking for a medical school then, but I didn't know how to apply. I had no idea. Then, finally, I said, "Well, there must be some way in which I'm going to find out how to get in medical schools." I asked people, "How do you apply to medical school?" First you get it from the wrong people: "We got plenty of medical school. You know what? I know a medical school here—Cornell." And I, like a jerk, go there and say, "Can I have the application?" As a matter of fact, I didn't even know what an application was. I thought it was a matter of fact that you did it like you do at the University of Pisa, just sign up and go. In Italy, if you pass your Classic Maturity (examination at the end of secondary school) you are *in*, period. Or you were at that time. I had no ideas that schools were private. I didn't know how the system worked. Finally, I said, "Well, this is ridiculous. Let's go to a doctor and find out." I saw a sign, *M.D.*, and I just went in. I said, "How do you go about it in this country? I understand that it isn't automatic." He said, "Well, it's a little bit different here." At first I was disbelieving. This guy can't know what he's talking about.

Then I went to a place called International Student Service. I thought, "Geez, they should know." But they didn't help me. The man there said, "Well, I can tell you one thing. It is going to to be a lot easier for you to be a millionaire in five years than to get into medical school." He didn't even tell me how to go about it. I walked out, and as soon as I got downstairs I said to myself, "This guy has got to be wrong. I'm going to show him. Someday I'm going to walk up there and show him I did it in *less* than five years."

But little by little I learned this: First of all I had to take an exam for foreigners in the English language; second, it wasn't automatic to get in a medical school; third, I needed a lot more science courses than I had; and fourth, it would take a lot of money. But my father always said, "To every problem there is a solution." So I worked on the language and I kept applying to medical schools. I applied to seventy-five medical schools. I even applied to the University of Hawaii. And they all turned me down. But I said, "I'm going to be a doctor. I don't care how hard it is or where, but I'm going to be." I was confident that this would take place and I think this confidence was not entirely justified. I found out later, because I know that there are people that are very bright and they belong in medical school and they never made it. So maybe it's good I had this confidence—that this confidence was exaggerated—because then I didn't know any better. I just didn't know any better. Dad had said, "To every problem there's a solution," so it's got to be so because my father couldn't be wrong.

I kept applying and I was fortunate. Harvard accepted me into the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences. They gave me an oral interview and I could hardly speak English. All we talked about was fascism, and I tried to straighten them out, really. They were very attentive. Every time I couldn't find a word during that oral exam, I would say it in English, in Latin, or in Greek—anything, if I could express myself. I thought it would be a handicap, and instead it turned out to be an asset, because they admitted me right there on the spot.

Now I began studying with a dictionary and taking science courses. I took histology, neuropathology, chemistry. I did well in those because language wasn't a factor there. I got an honor grade in neuropathology; so I said,"Well, now it's time." And I went to see my professor. He had an office in the Massachusetts General Hospital. He said, "Well, what can I do for you?"

"I want to go to medical school, because that's what I really want to do."

He said, "Well, I'll be glad to give you a letter of recommendation."

"No, that's not going to help me. There are an awful lot of people with very, very high marks who don't bring credentials from Italy, from a *gymnasium*—with Greek and Latin and history of art and philosophy, but little in the way of science. I won't stand a chance. There's only one way. It's for you to pick up the phone and say, 'Hey, Joe, I got somebody. You want to take a chance? He doesn't know the language, but he did well in my course and I think he'll work hard. Will you take him?' "

So my professor said, "Okay. Wait outside." I was praying hard and fast. It was a beautiful crisp morning in Boston. Really beautiful. I remember it as if it was now. Finally he called me in and he said, "Do you have fifty dollars?"

"Sure, I got fifty dollars," which I didn't have.

He said, "Do you know Tufts Medical School? It will take you starting July 1."

So I rushed home, sold the last of my things from Italy for that fifty dollars, and I went in to see the dean of Tufts Medical School. He said, "Do you have the means to support yourself?"

"Oh, money is no object," I said—because I didn't have any, so it couldn't be any object, you know. Once I get that acceptance, that's all I needed, I thought. The rest will come.

All the time I was in medical school I worked. I had dozens of jobs. I had three and four jobs at a time. I was a busboy and dog walker. I broadcasted a couple of hours a week for the Office of War Information. I made beds in the university dorm and I washed dishes. Any kind of job, it didn't make any difference to me. It was a step forward and I did it and I never felt degraded by any kind of work.

I was lonely, but I didn't have time to feel lonely because I was so busy working. Everybody would go home for holidays and I would still be there. I had a hot dog at the Wursthaus on Thanksgiving Day because I couldn't afford turkey. I used to feel depressed, but then I used to say, "Don't feel so sorry for yourself. Remember, maybe this is your chance. They're going to play and instead you're going to work, and by the time they come back, you'll be that far ahead. And you're handicapped by the language, so you have to make it up by working extra."

Saturday night everybody would go out on a date, and that was the night for me in which I could really study, because I could study all night long, and at five in the morning, I would get up and make my rounds with *The New York Times*. I delivered it every Sunday morning. I remember that winter. Boston is cold. The snow would be high. I wasn't used to it either. Remember, I was coming from Italy. I used to say to myself, "Oh, if only the *Times* wasn't so heavy on Sunday."

My daughter's at Radcliffe now. Before she went, she said, "I'm going to miss *The New York Times*." So I got on the phone and ordered it, and it's thrown on her doorstep. I called up and I said, "I want my daughter to get the paper. I want you to deliver it to my daughter, room such-and-such, *The New York Times*, including Sunday. How much should I make the check for?"

My daughter doesn't realize how much it means to me to be able to do that for her. Or when she tells me, "Dad, my tuition is due," to be able to say, "Okay. I've deposited it in your account. Just go to your bank and transfer it." She complains I talk too much about money. She doesn't know what it means to me. When I had to do it, I had to go and give blood transfusions and sell my suitcase and sweaters and shirts and ties in order to pay the tuition. She doesn't realize the pleasure that I have. She gets mad now because I'm talking money to her.

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Activity 16

Excerpt from *Fifth Chinese Daughter*

By Jade Snow Wong

Chapter 14: "Girl Meets Boy"

That winter Jade Snow's oldest sister and fourth older sister were bombed out of their home in Canton by the Sino-Japanese war, and were forced to return to San Francisco. Oldest Sister settled in Grass Valley with her husband and son. Fourth Older Sister moved into the Wong household because she decided to work in San Francisco. The folding sofa in the Wong dining room became her bed, and Jade Snow's and Jade Precious Stone's seven-by-twelve bedroom became her room too. This physical crowding added to Jade Snow's increasing feeling of being stifled. The quarters which had served two sisters passably well as children had in five years become too small for still growing and highly individualistic young adults.

One day, after another family disagreement, Fourth Older Sister found Jade Snow weeping in their room. She started to comfort her and suggested: "Why don't you consider getting a job which would give you room and board besides wages, and get out of everyone's way here?"

"Get out of everyone's way"—this was a new idea which seemed like a perfect solution. Through the state employment service again, Jade Snow found a room-and-board job with the Kaisers, a family composed of husband and wife, two children, aged four and six, and a large white dog. They lived in an old house with only the rooms usual in an American home, but it seemed very spacious to Jade Snow. An all-purpose room held sewing equipment, children's playthings, discarded objects, and a narrow couch for her bed. The Kaiser family also had a car, vacuum cleaner, icebox, and washing machine!

Jade Snow's new duties included keeping all the house clean (heavy and light cleaning), all the laundry, with a spotless white shirt every day for Mr. Kaiser, and a fresh, starched cotton dress daily for each of the two girls, the care of linens, all the subsequent ironing, cooking the family breakfasts, helping to prepare dinner under Mrs. Kaiser's supervision, serving, washing all the dishes, caring for the dog, and telling stories to the children who trailed her as she worked, for six and a half days a week. On Sunday, she was allowed a half day off to go to church and to take Mama for a walk, but she had to be back again at four to take care of her employer's Sunday dinner.

Being responsible for the tidy condition of the old house and its occupants meant that Jade Snow's work never seemed to get quite done. But she was often reminded by her employer that not many "school jobs" at that time offered twenty dollars per month in addition to room and board.

Tedious and unending and tiring as the work was, Jade Snow gained more than just room and board and twenty dollars per month. For a considerable period of time, she was an intimate member of an American household, where she observed its occupants early and late, moving in a pattern completely different from her own Chinese background. It was a home where children were heard as well as seen; where parents considered who was right or wrong, rather than who should be respected; where birthday parties were a tradition, complete with lighted birthday cakes, where the husband kissed his wife and the parents kissed their children; where the Christmas holidays meant fruit cake, cookies, presents, and gay parties; where the family was actually concerned with having fun together and going out to play together; where the problems and difficulties of domestic life and children's discipline were untangled, perhaps after tears, but also after explanations; where the husband turned over his pay check to his wife to pay the bills; and where, above all, each member, even down to and including the dog, appeared to have the inalienable right to assert his individuality—in fact, where that was expected—in an atmosphere of natural affection.

The Kaisers were kind to Jade Snow and the children never took advantage of her. After her work was done, she enjoyed the new, rare thrill of being able to close her door and be alone within four walls, in peace and quietness. Yes, it was worth all the hard work to have an opportunity to crystallize her thoughts without having to leave the house, to shed no more tears under the bedcovers, to be free of seething, undefined emotions which must be bottled up because they were not permitted expression.

In the meantime, high school graduation activities were reaching a climax. Jade Snow bought her senior accessories and participated in the events of her class program, along with her "crowd" of six or seven other Chinese-American girls.

The highlights of this general "rush" were the dances, and in these Jade Snow, to her secret pain, could not readily participate. Daddy had never permitted her to learn to dance. He had nothing but scorn and disapproval for the American pastime of social dancing. To see male and female hugging each other in public was most revolting to him, and he had forbidden his daughters either to learn to dance or to attend dances.

But all the others in Jade Snow's crowd enjoyed dancing. Jade Snow had not even gone out on her first "date," and attending a girls' high school did not help the situation. So she would help the others to organize a dance or decorate the hall, but during the dance itself she was there only to check hats and coats and watch her classmates with their dates all having a good time. It was then that she began to wonder whether getting the highest grades was the most important accomplishment in school after all. She knew that she was missing something obviously very desirable, but she could do nothing about it. At least she thought that she could do nothing until a month before graduation, when a number of first experiences came her way in rapid succession.

The Chinese Students' Club of her high school held one big dance a year, and this year they chose "Cotton Capers" for their theme. The invitation bids in Girls' High colors of gold and white were tufted on the cover with a bit of snowy cotton. The girls were to wear bright cotton dresses. Half a dozen girls in the club who usually did all the planning enlisted the aid of their current boy friends. Jade Snow pitched in and helped make the cardboard cutouts for signs and other gay decorations in cotton materials. The dance hall was decked with streamers of twisted multicolored cotton strips. The cases of Cokes had to be ordered, and number tags had to be made for checking the guests' belongings.

Jade Snow found time to make herself a new navy-blue coat trimmed with silk ribbon, and a little dress with puffed sleeves, tight bodice, and a full gathered skirt of figured red cotton.

When the evening of the dance arrived, it was Jade Snow's good fortune that because she was now living at the Kaisers', she did not have to ask for parental permission to go to "Cotton Capers." She had only to tell the Kaisers as a matter of routine, and they even wished her a good time!

As usual, Jade Snow busied herself in the cloakroom as soon as she had seen that everything else was in place and running smoothly. The American-Chinese boys who had been helping—Frankie, Wilson, Edward, and Joe—were all there, alternating between dancing and giving the girls a helping hand with the cases of Cokes. Joe, a clean-cut, pleasant fellow, but known to be a quite a tease, had worked very hard with them on the dance. Now he brought Jade Snow a Coke, and during a slack period in the flow of coats, struck up a conversation with her.

He was obviously pleased with the results of their handiwork, "Don't you think our sign stands out pretty well with the special lighting effect shining through the cutout letters?"

Jade Snow was rather reticent, "Yes, I think things have worked out pretty well."

This was too moderate a degree of enthusiasm for Joe. "Pretty well? Why, I think it's doing better than any other high school's Chinese Students' Club dance given this year! Have you been to any of the others to see how poor some are?"

Jade Snow felt inadequate. "Well, no. I haven't."

Joe stared. "What the matter with you—don't you like dances?"

"No. . . ." Jade Snow was miserable. "I don't mean 'No,' I mean, I don't dance. I mean I don't know how to dance."

"Well," Joe seemed relieved, "let's teach you then."

"No," replied Jade Snow again, "you'd better not."

Joe stared again, "You mean you don't want to learn?"

"No, no, it isn't that!" (Oh dear, Jade Snow thought, how am I going to get out of this situation?)

"Oh, I guess you don't want to have me teach you." Joe said quickly, and before the upset girl could muster another "No," he had hailed a passing friend.

"Hey you, Frankie, come here a minute."

Obligingly, Frankie paused and ambled over. He was a thin, olive-skinned young man with a quick smile and shiny, neat black hair.

Joe explained, "Here's a girl who doesn't know how to dance and wants to learn. Do me a favor, will you, and give her a few whirls out there on the floor?"

Jade Snow found her tongue, "Oh, no, no, no," she protested, "I really don't want to learn right now and here. I have to watch the cloakroom, you know. Please go away and leave me alone."

Joe reached in, unlatched and swung open the little Dutch door, and retorted cheerfully, "I don't believe a word you're saying. I'll watch your old coats for you, and I promise that I won't rob the club of its tips. Now don't disappoint poor Frankie."

With Joe pushing her gently but firmly, and Frankie's grip on her arm, Jade Snow was practically pulled to the dance floor by force. She was self-conscious, tense, and terrified, not knowing with which foot to start, nor how to follow, nor even how to keep time to the simple music. After a most unhappy, and it seemed lengthy, period of stumbling around, Frankie laughingly returned her to the cloakroom, where Jade Snow was relieved to pick up her duties again.

Joe teasingly called back over his shoulder as he left, "I was watching you. I think there's some hope of making you a dancer yet!"

After another hour or so, Joe came around again, "Say, someone is asking to see you."

"Who is it?" Jade Snow was mystified.

Joe was noncommittal. "I don't know."

"Oh dear," she thought, "I wonder if it could be Daddy? Maybe he found out about me!" In a silent paralysis of fear, she went reluctantly in the direction Joe indicated.

It was Frankie!

"Come now, no protests." Stopping her before she could express her vexation, he pulled her onto the dance floor, where, by perfect timing, Joe appeared. In a quick second, he had exchanged places with Frankie, who trotted off happily to the Coke stand.

A breathless "Well!" was all astonished Jade Snow could manage at this quick maneuver.

Joe was unconcerned. "I'm a much better teacher of dancing than Frankie is," he explained modestly. "Now stop struggling and relax," he commanded.

Patiently, Joe initiated Jade Snow into the mysterious principles of dancing, until Jade Snow lost her fear as she gained confidence in Joe, and in wonder, gained confidence in herself.

This time the dance was over all too soon. The two were laughing over her mistakes as Joe took her arm and escorted her back to her post. It was now midnight, the end of the party, and he helped her find the coats for departing guests.

Then he proposed that they all go off for a snack and a ride in his car. Jade Snow, Joe, and two other couples went together for Chinese noodles, and autographed each other's white napkins in ink as permanent souvenirs of a lovely evening. The ride which followed along the bay and ocean coastline was the first time that Jade Snow had been in a mixed crowd of friends without a chaperone. It was all innocent fun with jokes tossed back and forth, and a lot of good humored teasing of Jade Snow.

Then it was June, 1938, and graduation time. With her classmates, amid a noisy buzz of excitement in the dressing room, Jade Snow put on her white wool academic robe and mortarboard. She sat on the stage with her class, knowing that in the audience somewhere all of her family except Daddy were watching to see her receive her diploma. Daddy was traveling throughout California as a representative of his San Francisco Chinese Family Association, to raise donations from fellow villagers who were scattered on farms and in small towns but who were still obligated to support their association's headquarters.

Family associations took care of personal and business matters for Chinese in America. Controversies without legal status in American courts could be taken up in association meetings; destitute Chinese families or widows who were not American citizens could get immediate assistance; men without relatives could have their funeral arrangements assured. Six such associations whose members were from districts of Canton affiliated to form the Chinese Six Companies, which was a supreme court for Chinese controversies submitted by Cantonese throughout the United States. Yes, it was more important for Daddy to attend to his civic duty than to see his daughter graduate from American high school, even though the graduation program had an asterisk before Jade Snow's name, with the notation, "Elected to life membership in the California Scholarship Federation, in recognition of academic achievement."

The graduation activities ended that weekend with a senior ball, to which Jade Snow went with a little confidence gained from the "Cotton Capers." She wore her first American evening gown of white chiffon, new silver sandals, flat-heeled so that she wouldn't seem so tall, and a fur wrap and a sequined evening bag borrowed from two older sisters. She was taken to the dance by Wilson, one of Joe's friends, whom he had persuaded to escort her. It was also Joe, Jade Snow discovered, who had persuaded Wilson to bring her her first orchid corsage of two beautiful blossoms.

Summer vacation began as graduation ended.

Jade Snow continued to work for the Kaisers, but in place of going to school, she filled in the day hours by working for Daddy again at the factory. She was greatly discouraged at this time, because she had not received the long hoped-for scholarship award from the state university. She had worked and studied so hard, why couldn't she get what she wanted? What should she plan to do now?

During the summer months, Joe telephoned her occasionally to see how she was. After a while, he began to join her on some of her walks. They had to meet secretly on street corners, since Jade Snow dared not let her parents know about her new friend. For friend he was indeed. Joe was easy to talk to, interested in her perplexities, and generously kind. It was a comfort to tuck her arm in his strong one and have him help her over the rough rocks on Telegraph Hill or Russian Hill, where they often wandered, deep in conversation. But Jade Snow noticed that Joe hardly ever wanted to talk about himself, and she wondered about his family and his problems.

On one of these walks, Jade Snow confided to Joe her unhappiness over the notice she had received from the state university Alumni Scholarship Committee: "because of the number of applicants" she did not qualify for a scholarship. It was near the end of the summer; she had to come to a decision. For the first time, Jade Snow told another person all about her family difficulties and felt the relief that comes from revealing to a kindred soul the depths of one's personal troubles. In her mood of despair, she burst out, "Oh, Joe, I am so discouraged! I did so want to go to the university. I thought that if I wanted the right things and tried hard, the right things would happen for me. I can never lift up my head at home again if I have to admit to my parents that in my first independent resolution and endeavor, I've failed in what I sought. Perhaps I've figured things wrong, after all, and I should give up now."

Joe did not agree, "Even if you can't go to the university, that doesn't mean that you have to give up all higher education. There is still the San Francisco Junior College, where you can study for two years without the time and the expense of commuting to Berkeley."

Jade Snow was uncompromising: "If I can't go to the university, I don't want to go to a junior college."

Joe remonstrated with her: "Now you're just being stubborn. What makes you so sure that a junior college can't teach you anything? Isn't it education you are after? I quit college once, and I'll always be sorry about it. Once you stop school, it's hard to go back."

Jade Snow was reluctant. "I suppose it wouldn't hurt to try the junior college. . . ."

"Of course not. Maybe you can even save more money this way, by working during the extra time you will have. Then you won't have to strain yourself so much in the two advanced years and still can get your degree from the university. Remember, half a loaf of bread is better than no bread at all, so don't be so proud about holding out for the whole loaf. I'll bet that some day you'll be glad I told you all this. Promise me that you will try, won't you?"

Jade Snow was deeply touched. Here was someone who really cared about her future and her ideas. The boy whom all the other girls in her crowd found most desirable was bothering with her problems. "I promise you, Joe," she answered softly.

Joe continued, "I'll make a date with you for five years from now, to meet on this same hill; by then you should have graduated from college. I'll bet you'll be thanking me then for talking you into going to junior college."

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About Jade Snow Wong

At the turn of the century, San Francisco's busy Chinatown probably looked very much like old China. A small area with narrow streets, Chinatown was home to thousands of newly arrived Chinese. In this part of town, everyone spoke Chinese, and the customs and religion of China were still practiced. One of the families living there was the Wong family. Shortly after they came to America, a fifth daughter was born into this family. She was named Jade Snow.

Jade Snow Wong was to become a famous artist, pottery maker, and writer. In her book, *Fifth Chinese Daughter,* Jade Snow Wong tells her story of growing up between the ideas of her family's old world, China, and those of their new world in the United States. She says she had an even harder time because she was female. When she was very young Jade Snow realized that, "she was a girl, and, like her younger sister, was unalterably less significant than any son in their family." Her father rejoiced at the birth of a son: "At last we have the happiness of another son to carry on the Wong name."

According to Chinese custom, when girls got married they left their parents' home and went to live with their new husband's family. There the new bride would be treated as a servant by her husband's parents. Jade Snow noticed that at her sister's wedding the bride was not wished happiness—the new in-laws were!

Jade Snow's family ran one of the many garment shops in Chinatown. These shops were small factories where women sewed clothes. They often worked from six or seven in the morning until late at night. Since the shop was attached to their home, the Wong's home life and work life were mixed. In the morning, her mother prepared breakfast for the family, rice, a green vegetable or soup, and meat or fish. For the rest of the day she worked at a sewing machine while her grandmother took care of the young Wong children.

As she grew older, Jade Snow stayed close to home. She played hide-and-seek around the high bundles of cloth with the children of the other workers. Sometimes she talked with the women as they worked. Her only trips away from the block where she lived were made with her father. They used a bright red wheelbarrow to carry materials to women who worked in their own homes.

Jade Snow's childhood was full and busy in Chinatown. There was Chinese New Year with its week of cleaning house, making special foods and visiting. There was fishing from the piers on the waterfront, learning how to buy and cook food, playing games with Grandmother, and listening to her stories from a world she called "back home in China."

School also took up much of Jade Snow's time. From age eight, she went to a Chinese school after her regular public school. There she learned Chinese poetry, geography, and language. Jade Snow had to pay particular attention at the Chinese school because her father always had her repeat her lessons aloud to him when she got home.

As Jade Snow Wong came into contact with the world outside Chinatown her confusion grew. She felt pulled in two different directions. She wanted to be an independent person but her parents wanted their daughter to be a "proper Chinese woman." Chinese women were supposed to serve others and not to think about their own needs or wishes.

When Jade Snow told her parents she wanted to go to college, they said that there was only enough money to send the boys. She wanted more from her life than she saw her mother having. Jade Snow felt she needed to rebel against the custom of giving everything to the sons and nothing to the daughters. "Perhaps I don't want to marry just to raise sons! Perhaps I have a right to want more than sons!" She had to work many long hours at poor-paying jobs to earn the money to go to school. But, she knew she had to get an education if she was going to have the kind of life she wanted.

Jade Snow won a scholarship and went to Mills College. There, many important things happened to her. One was that she began to work with clay. Through her pottery she learned to express herself in an art form that she loved. She also learned to express her feelings about her Chinese heritage, especially the art and beauty of fine handmade Chinese ceramics.

Eventually she started her own pottery business in San Francisco's Chinatown. She did that after one of her bosses told her that, as a woman, she would never get a salary equal to a man's. That made her angry, so what did she do? She opened her own shop where she would be her own boss. At first the people of Chinatown laughed at her for making pottery and working on her own. But, she earned their respect as she became famous for her art work.

Jade Snow Wong had a strong belief in herself and a desire to do her best in everything. She did what she wanted to do with her life. What would you like to do with your life?

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Activity 17

A Sun God Prances with Politicians

By Josh Barbanel

To the clash of cymbals, the beat of rope drums, the prancing of a golden sun god and the campaigning of mortal political candidates, the annual parade of the West Indian-American Day Carnival throbbed through Brooklyn yesterday to a calypso beat.

"It's party time," proclaimed Enobia Barnes, a spectator, as the first costumed celebrants began their relentless dancing, which filled Eastern Parkway in the Crown Heights section for hours. "It's the most colorful show in town."

While the other parade yesterday, the earnest Labor Day march down Fifth Avenue in Manhattan, drew small crowds, the West Indian parade was mobbed, with the crowd standing four or five deep during much of the two-mile parade route, along Eastern Parkway from Utica to Washington Avenues.

Several hundred thousand people watched the parade yesterday, the police said.

There were diaphanous fish, a fleet of human sailboats—one with a 10 foot mast harnessed to his back was nearly swamped in a brisk breeze—a battalion of leopard-skinned warriors, human butterflies and marchers in grass skirts. Many spectators joined in the dancing.

There was even a float—actually a small van decorated with two posters and six balloons—sent by the United States Census Bureau to encourage people to participate in the next census.

To keep the beat, 22 calypso, reggae and steel bands were on hand—and all playing at once. They accompanied 140 floats and 80,000 marchers, said Carlos Lezama, president of the West Indian-American Day Carnival Association. . . .

The parade was part of a weekend West Indian Carnival in Brooklyn. The parade route was lined with booths selling everything from T-shirts to traditional West Indian fare—curried goat seemed to be the speciality of the day. On many blocks, entrepreneurs had set up impromptu bars selling liquor and beer.

Catherine Savary of Trinidad said, "This parade is so big because this is a black neighborhood and this is a black people's parade."

Mr. Lezama estimated that about 1.5 million West Indians live in the New York City metropolitan area.

Ruth Anderson was born in Trinidad, has lived in New York for 13 years and works as a home health attendant. While she came to the parade to participate in some West Indian fun, she said she would rather live in New York than in Trinidad.

"I like New York," she said. "New York is where the money is."

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Activity 18

Rita Moreno, Award-winning Actress

In the history of show business, only one performer has won all four of the highest awards in the entertainment industry. The awards are the Oscar (Film), Tony (Theater), Emmy (Television), and Grammy (Recording). That performer who has won them all is Rita Moreno. In achieving her goals, she has traveled a long and difficult road.

Rita Moreno was born Rosa Dolores Alverio in the tiny Puerto Rican town of Humacao on December 11, 1931. Her parents divorced when she was a baby. Her mother left Rosa with family members in order to go to New York to work as a seamstress. By the time Rosa was five, her mother had earned enough money to bring her to the United States. Mother and daughter lived with relatives in a tenement in Manhattan's Washington Heights.

In New York, the glittering world of show business beckoned. Soon Rosita, as she was known, decided to follow its call. She took dance lessons from the uncle of actress Rita Hayworth. Soon she was earning money dancing and singing in Macy's toy department and at weddings and other family affairs. She used her earnings to help support her family. At the age of thirteen, Rosita won her first role in a Broadway show. Unfortunately, the play closed after only seven performances. It was to be the first of many disappointments in her career.

As a teenager, Rosita found work as a performer in nightclubs. "I was under age, so I couldn't work at the good clubs," she remembers. "They were seedy, little places. I sang, and I danced. Can you imagine doing flamenco dances in little tacky joints, and the orchestras would consist of an accordion, a piano and a clarinet? Amazing!"

What happened soon after was even more amazing.

Young Rosita found herself in Hollywood, dubbing voices for the Spanish versions of American movies. In 1950, she received her big break.

As Rosita Moreno—her last name was taken from her stepfather—she made her film debut in a reform school drama, *So Young, So Bad*. The same year she had a personal meeting with the head of MGM Studios, Louis B. Mayer.

"Oh, . . . was I excited," Moreno recalls. "He signed me to a contract, and he had no idea what I could do. He took the talent scout's word for the fact that I had talent. I thought, what a chance he's taking on a little Puerto Rican kid."

While at MGM, Moreno had small parts in two movies, one of which she looks back on with rueful humor. It was called *The Pagan Love Song* and starred swimming champion Esther Williams.

"They said, 'Can you swim?' and I said, 'Uh-huh, sure.' I was lying, and I almost drowned," she remembers with a laugh.

Unfortunately, typical of Moreno's luck, the studio cancelled her contract after only one year. Moreno was shocked. "I really thought I was going to be the biggest, hottest star that ever happened," she recalls.

An actress with less spirit might have given up, but not Rita Moreno, as she was now called. MGM officials had talked her into changing her first name to Rita. She freelanced for any studio that would hire her. Although she found work, she didn't get the kind of roles that would make her a star. "They didn't know what to do with me. I was Hispanic, and in those days that really limited you," she explains.

So Moreno was quickly stereotyped as a fiery Latin in second-rate films such as *The Fabulous Senorita*. It seemed that the only roles she played were either Latin lovers or Indian maidens.

"There wasn't too much room for Spanish spitfires, so I spent most of my time in buckskins," she admits with a chuckle. "I used to make the joke that my makeup kit consisted of a pair of gold hoop earrings and pancake 22 makeup."

To break out of such stereotyped roles, Moreno returned to the New York stage. She was cast in Tennessee Williams' new play, *Camino Real*. Unfortunately, she was dropped from the show after one week's rehearsal. It seems Williams didn't like her voice.

While her professional life was at a standstill, Moreno's private life was flourishing. She began dating film star Marlon Brando. Their romance would continue on and off for eight years. Because Brando was a successful actor, their relationship received a great deal of publicity. "If we had an argument, the press knew about it before my best friends did," the actress recalls.

The spirited image spilled over into her real life and undeservingly earned her the nickname "Rita the Cheetah." Finally, a good film role came her way. She played the Burmese slave girl, Tuptim, in the movie version of the Rodgers and Hammerstein musical *The King and I.* During production, she became friendly with the show's choreographer, Jerome Robbins. A year later, when he began work on a new musical with composer Leonard Bernstein, he remembered the talented young actress. He suggested that she audition for the ingenue lead, a young Puerto Rican girl named Maria. The musical was *West Side Story*, which was to become a major hit. At the time, Rita Moreno was too busy with film work to audition for the role. Ironically, Moreno would later play a role in the film version of the show.

Before she achieved stardom, Moreno faced serious career and personal problems. Eventually, these problems became too much for her to handle. She took an overdose of sleeping pills. When she awoke in a hospital several hours later, she was a changed person. She had learned a valuable lesson.

"I think that my attempt at suicide was a desire to get rid of some awful ghosts," she says today. "And, actually, that's exactly what happened. I talk about it only because I feel that it's almost a public service. I think it shows people that if they don't make those attempts, that things can change. There are alternatives. I think it's important for people to know that things will change, that they will improve. You just don't feel that at the time."

A more confident person, Rita Moreno was ready for stardom. Jerome Robbins was preparing to direct the film version of *West Side Story*. He once again asked Moreno to audition. This time she was ready and auditioned for the supporting role of the tough, fiery Anita. Moreno got the part and worked harder than she had ever worked before. When the movie was released, her talent was widely recognized. One admiring critic wrote, "Miss Moreno emerges as a first-rate dramatic talent in one of the best pictures of the year." His opinion proved prophetic. The movie would win ten Oscars, one for best picture and another for Rita Moreno as best supporting actress.

But stardom did not mean the end of stereotyping for Rita Moreno. She was still primarily cast in Latin roles. Yet she had become better equipped to maintain her integrity as an actress. She married Dr. Leonard Gordon, a cardiologist, in 1965. They soon had a daughter, Fernanda Lu. Moreno considers her family "the best thing that ever happened to me. . . my answer to sanity."

Eventually, Rita Moreno was offered better film and stage roles. In 1971, she began a new facet in her career as one of the stars of *The Electric Company*. The goal of this children's television series was to improve the reading skills of seven- to ten-year-olds. The following year, Moreno and her co-stars shared a Grammy Award for the show's soundtrack album.

Her favorite role after that of Anita in *West Side Story* came from the theater. At a party for actor James Coco, Moreno performed a comic routine using an exaggerated Spanish accent. One of the guests, playwright Terrence McNally, thought her act was hilarious. Some time later, he invited her to see his new play, *The Tubs,* in New Haven, Connecticut. One of the leading characters, a third-rate Hispanic songstress named Googie Gomez, was, according to Moreno, "doing my number."

McNally thanked Moreno for inspiring his wild farce and offered her the role of Googie when the play opened on Broadway. Moreno accepted the role. The play, retitled *The Ritz,* was a hit.

"I love playing that insane character," Moreno says. "I love her. She makes me laugh. The interesting thing about that is that not one Hispanic objected to her. I think it's because she was really such a farcical character. There were no statements being made. It was just that wonderfully burlesque character."

She might have added that playing Googie was her revenge on those Hollywood producers who had for so long pigeonholed her as "Rita the Cheetah." She was poking fun at the spitfire image and having the time of her life doing it. In 1975, she won a Tony Award as best supporting actress for her memorable performance. Two years later, she won her first Emmy Award for a guest appearance on *The Muppet Show*. The following year, she won an Emmy Award for a guest appearance on the detective series, *The Rockford Files*. Her list of triumphs was complete.

Today, Rita Moreno continues to find challenging roles for herself on TV, in movies, and on the stage. She recently began a nightclub act—a return to her show business beginnings. But this time around, she's only performing in first-rate clubs. At Harrah's in Lake Tahoe, Nevada, she opened the show for comedian Bill Cosby.

Perhaps her most important role now is acting as a model for aspiring young Hispanics trying to succeed in a competitive world. For that role, no one is better qualified.

"I crossed the enormous *chasm* and still maintained—and this is most important—still maintained my integrity and my dignity as a Hispanic person," she stresses.

"Two years ago, I was approached to do a cosmetics line—a fragrance aimed at Hispanic women—and I asked the people who approached me how they had settled on my name. And they told me they had done a bunch of tests, way before they approached anyone, on who had the highest esteem quotient and pride quotient among Hispanic artists and it turned out to be me. It's not just the Puerto Ricans that say she's ours, but all the other nationalities. Which is great."

What advice can Moreno offer to aspiring actors and actresses? "I would say that the most important thing is that you must study; you must have a basis for the work that you do."

From *Hispanic Biographies* (Englewood Cliffs, NJ: Globe, 1989).

Activity 19

Maurice Telemaque—An Oral History

by Eleanor Wong Telemaque

My first home was above a store on the main street of Les Caves, a port city in South Haiti in the Caribbean. Since I grew up by salt water, I liked to tell everyone I could swim before I could walk. I always thought that the sea and the sand belonged to everyone or to "Papa Dieu" as we often call God in Haiti.

Like many other Haitian boys I ran free in the street. I would suck sugar cane, run about the tobacco fields and fly kites. In school, I learned French but I always spoke Creole with my friends. Creole is a language that all Haitians speak. I believe it is a mixture of African, French, Arawak and Spanish.

If I talked back to my elders or to my sister I got a rap on my head. You see in Haiti, family is not only your father and mother, brothers and sisters but your aunts and uncles, your cousins, and their cousins. My godmother was my mentor. She used to say to me. "If you want to succeed, take the steps to achieve your goal. And don't look back."

In the 1960s problems came to our land. Our president, Francois Duvalier, decided he was "president for life." He installed a secret service called the "Tonton Macoute." People were shot for their beliefs. My uncle was put in prison. There was no freedom. All my life I heard that America was the "land of opportunity" so I fled to New York City.

No one warned me that New York was hot and humid in the summer and cold and humid in the winter. In addition, I spoke very little English—just "My name is Maurice. I come from Haiti."

"My name is Maurice. I come from Haiti" didn't get me very far. After six months in night school I was no longer totally illiterate in English.

I married a Chinese American who was active in the civil rights movement. Through her family I learned that although America was a democracy, you had to fight to keep it that way. Learning this wasn't easy. It was like osmosis, slowly seeping into my head. Often I became homesick and discouraged.

To counteract my bitterness I began reading about Martin Luther King, Jr., Eldridge Cleaver and Malcolm X. After King was killed in Memphis, Tennessee, my wife flew to Memphis with the other representatives of District Council #37 to show "solidarity" with the garbage strikers. She said she was marching to make a better life for our baby daughter. "It's making a statement. We're all Americans and the Constitution guarantees free speech."

I remembered what my godmother said about education so I went to Baruch College of the City

University. But I couldn't find a job in my field. Finally I accepted a position with a white man who taught a course at City University and needed a "clerk" to learn the import/export brokerage business. I joined his firm and began saving my money. But more trouble came. I bought a house in upstate New York but at first was denied a loan. I had to file a discrimination suit before I received a mortgage. I didn't have the house more than three months when it was burned down.

When I reported the burning to the State police, one white officer said, "Well, sometimes we catch them and sometimes we don't." Yet many white friends upstate came to my aid. Bill Tyler, a farmer who lived down the road, arrived with some venison meat given to him by "his hunters" and an invitation for me, my wife, and little girl to stay at his house "anytime." When I rebuilt my house, he came every day to see that everything was "A-okay."

I also met a black American named Edward McClure. He was a psychologist and taught college courses on racism. He said to me. "If someone draws a circle to keep you out, draw another circle to bring him in."

And so I did. For support, I began to sponsor members of my family to come to America. First came my cousins. My godmother came too. Many friends joined me in New York City. One drove a taxicab at night. Another pumped gas. We spent a lot of time talking about "economic independence." Still it was hard getting used to racism. I remember one time in Brooklyn someone threw a sack of garbage at me. Another time, strangers knocked on my door to see what "color" my nephew was. (This was because my brother married a white woman.)

But despite it all, I kept "the faith." What do I mean by keeping the faith? It means not forgetting your roots. I was also realistic. I tried to reconcile the two thoughts with the teachings of my youth.

Education was important. It took me longer than many persons to earn my college degree in business. It meant foregoing games of poker with my friends. It meant going to Baruch College at night and working a full-time job during the day. I graduated after eight years, at the ripe old age of 40.

Second, I chose to always live in an integrated community. I didn't isolate myself from any group. Third, I learned that you can't help your community unless you are a responsible adult. That means to be an example to the next generation. That's easier said than done. I'm like anyone else, I'm not immune to wanting "instant gratification." But my family always said: "Get your highs from hard work and let go of your anger. I learned to hold my tongue when I felt an insult and dance the merengue until early dawn to kill any rage.

But I'm a funny kind of guy. I find it hard to work within a large organizational structure. That's why I knew that someday I wanted to have my own business. I networked with people who understood import/export. I studied international trade and international law. And I saved my money, taking lunches to work, foregoing the pleasure of eating out or buying a new suit of clothes. Of course, there were setbacks. I applied to the Small Business Administration for a loan and it was denied. I also knew that I couldn't invest in a business without partners. So I ate lunch with other immigrants who had similar interests. That's how I met Joe Madrano, an immigrant from the Philippines. Joe is a great salesman and very gregarious. I am shy but I enjoy research. I'm also very good at organizing and am secure enough to delegate responsibility. Then one day our opportunity came. An import/export brokerage whose accounts Joe and I had been servicing went bankrupt. We knew its clients, we knew marketing, we knew ocean freight and customs law. We enjoyed working under pressure.

We invested the sum of fifty thousand dollars and asked the clients to use our know-how. "Madrano and Telemaque" became a partnership under the rules of the State of New York in a small office on Dey street in lower Manhattan. The work force was composed of myself, Joe, another partner, and a secretary. We answered our own phones, dusted our own desks, sharpened our own pencils, and swept our own floor.

No, not everything was smooth sailing. Nothing in life ever is. We solicited many clients who did not want to take chances with a minority firm. But we were tenacious. We worked hard but weren't "workaholics." We knew that our extended families came first, the business second—and there is no such thing as "a free lunch."

We were in business for nearly ten years before we decided that it was time to relax a bit and "take it easy." These days I spend my spare time working with other immigrants. "You can't eat the sun," I say. "Hard work never kills."

Do I miss Haiti? Yes. I miss the sea and the sun and the hills and the nostalgia of youth. I still blanch when I am asked questions about who I am and why don't I go back to where I came from. But New York City is home to people from all over the world. If I get homesick, I go to Brooklyn or to Queens and eat rice and beans. I have learned to enjoy hamburgers and french fried potatoes as well.

Activity 20

"The New Colossus": Inscription for the Statue of Liberty

By Emma Lazarus

Give me your tired, your poor
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore,
Send these, the homeless, tempest-tossed, to me:
I lift my lamp beside the golden door.